In this special tribute issue, dedicated to the legendary Keith Emerson, Erik Norlander says goodbye to his old friend, Richard Stellar remembers the Keith he knew, and there are statements from Greg Lake and Patrick Moraz. There is an open letter from Wayne Shorter and Herbie Hancock, and we critique an excellent book on anarchopunk...

#174

FANFARE FOR THE UNCOMMON MAN
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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

1. Art is as important as science and more important than money

2. There is life after (beyond and before) Pop Idol

3. Music can and sometimes does change the world

If you think those three ideas are stupid then you should probably give up reading this magazine now. Otherwise... enjoy
Dear Friends,

Welcome to another issue of the magazine I started as a joke, and which - like everything else that I started on a whim - seems to have taken on a life of its own. This has been a very peculiar year so far, and shows no signs of getting any less peculiar as it carries on.

Last weekend we had a relatively trouble free editorial process and put the magazine to bed about half way through Friday evening. Less than half an hour after typing the final word, there was a furious ‘ding’ from my iPad, and a message came through from Martin Eve. It was a terse message telling me that Keith Emerson had just died.

At that time there was no other information, and Corinna and I decided not to hold up the publication of Gonzo #173, and to wait and see what happened. It was Erik Norlander who told me the shocking news that Keith Emerson had died from a gunshot wound, apparently self-inflicted.

Now, before I go any further, can I just quote the very wise words of Greg Lake who commented soon after: “As sad and tragic as Keith’s death is, I would not want this to be the lasting memory people take away with them,” Lake wrote. “What I will always remember about Keith Emerson was his remarkable talent as a musician and composer and his gift and passion to entertain. Music was his life and despite some of the difficulties he encountered I am sure that the music he created will live on forever.”
Suicide has touched my family on more than one occasion, most recently when my father-in-law died by his own hand nine years ago. I have tried to kill myself on two occasions, but being drunk both times managed to cock it up, and other people who are dear to me have made more or less serious attempts to pre-empt the Grim Reaper. So this is something which really does matter to me. There is a tendency within the human psyche to define people by the way that

“As sad and tragic as Keith’s death is, I would not want this to be the lasting memory people take away with them,”
they leave this planet, especially when they do so violently, and I would agree entirely with Greg Lake that this is something that one should not do with Keith Emerson.

My first encounter with the music of this remarkable man happened, like so many other musical epiphanies in my life, on the school bus which took me from my home in the little village in which I still live today, to the Grammar School in Bideford. It was driven by Mr Appleby, one of the teachers from the Secondary Modern School across the way, and it was his son Richard Appleby who introduced me to so many seminal musicians during the mid 1970s. And one of them, was - yes - Keith Emerson.

To accompany the release of Brain Salad Surgery in 1973, a flexi disc containing the title track was given away with one of the music papers (I think it was the New Musical Express but after four and a bit decades, I cannot remember, and don’t really care). It was my first encounter with the idea that here was a band who not only were so non-commercial that they didn’t appear on Top of the Pops, but they didn’t release singles, (they did, but I didn’t realise that at the time) and that they cared so little for the machine of commerciality that they didn’t even put the title track in their album!

Like so much music at the time, I thought that because it wasn’t in the Top Ten that it was somehow some arcane text that only belonged to me and my friends, and was somehow an underground secret. I am glad that I never saw the videos of Keith Emerson rubbing his arse crack with a Moog controller whilst dressed as Ivanhoe, because I think that would probably have spoiled the spell even for an idealistic fourteen year old.

Then in 1975 Greg Lake had a hit single. “How
good it is to have a serious Christmas song” I pontificated to family and friends. “And you can hear Keith Emerson playing a theme by Prokoviev there” I continued at great length. And they are to be commended that nobody told me I was being a pretentious twat.

Of all their albums I think that Brain Salad Surgery has always been my favourite, mostly because of the sprawling Karn Evil 9 and the surprisingly subdued Still you turn me on. It has been one of my favourite albums for forty plus years, and still gives me pleasure every time I play it. Others of their albums have impressed me less, and I still remember my disappointment when buying Works Volume One. The follow up was even worse, and I never actually bothered buying Love Beach, which - surprisingly - is nowhere as bad as received wisdom suggests. The comeback albums missed me completely when they came out, but I discovered them when I first got Spotify, and they have their moments, although they are not vintage ELP by anyone’s standards.

So why am I mourning the passing of a bloke who only ever made one album that I actually really like (and a lot of stuff that made me go ‘meh’)? It is simple. When Keith Emerson shot himself last weekend, he snuffed out a part of my past alongside his own not inconsiderable talent. He has been there in my life since I was an impressionable teenager. He introduced me to concepts and ideas that I would probably never have come across without him. He was part of a world which no longer exists; a world in which young people valued ideas above banality, and virtuosity above ummmmm more banality. Keith Emerson was an integral part of the few years which shaped me into the pretentious, bad tempered old bastard that I am today and I shall miss him more than I can say.

Vale Keith,

hari Bol
Jd


IT’S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

A lot of the time the pictures that we include in this publication are unique to Gonzo Weekly, and used with the photographer’s permission. However, this magazine is free, and at least at the moment only available online, and so in our opinion we are covered by a recent decision by the European Courts of Justice.

Websites can link to freely available content without the permission of the copyright holder, the European Court of Justice says. The court’s decision came after a dispute in Sweden between journalists and a web company that had posted links on its site to online news articles.

A Swedish court had asked the EU court to consider whether this broke copyright law.

Some of the pictures in this magazine are hotlinked to other websites where they are freely available. It is our opinion that we are covered by this ruling. So there!

Of course if someone objects to our using their material we will be good fellows and take it down, unless (and this is a big unless) we feel that it is not in the public interest to comply.

But normally we shall not stand on ceremony. If you want to read more about this decision go to:

http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/technology-30187738
THE GONZO WEEKLY
all the gonzo news that’s fit to print

This is quite simply the best magazine you will ever find that is edited by a mad bloke (and his small orange cat), and produced from a tumbledown potato shed on the outskirts of a tiny village that nobody's heard of in North Devon. The fact that it is published with Gonzo Multimedia - probably the grooviest record company in the known universe - is merely an added bonus.

NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

This issue was put together by me and Captain Frunobulax the Magnificent, (who is, in case you didn't know, an insane orange kitten on the verge of adulthood) ably assisted by:

Corinna Downes,
(Sub Editor, and my lovely wife)
Graham Inglis,
(Columnist, Staff writer, Hawkwind nut)
Bart Lancia,
(My favourite roving reporter)
Thom the World Poet,
(Bard in residence)
C.J.Stone,
(Columnist, commentator and all round good egg)
Kev Rowland,
(Kiwi Reviewer)
Lesley Madigan,
(Photographer par excellence)
Douglas Harr,
(Staff writer, columnist)
Jessica Taylor,
( PA and laughing at drunk pop stars)

Richard Freeman,
(Scary stuff)
Dave McMann,
(He ain't nothing but a Newshound-dog)
Orrin Hare,
(Sybarite and literary bon viveur)
Mark Raines,
(Cartoonist)
Davey Curtis,
(tales from the north)
Jon Pertwee,
(Pop Culture memorabilia)
Dean Phillips,
(The House Wally)
Rob Ayling
(The Grande Fromage, of whom we are all in awe)
and Peter McAdam
(McDada in residence)

This is the nearest that you are ever going to get to a posh weekend colour supplement from the Gonzo Daily team. Each week we shall go through the best bits of the week before, and if there aren't any we shall make some up, or simply make our excuses and leave (you can tell the editor once did contract work at the News of the World can't ya?)

This weekly magazine is free, and will remain so. It is published by Gonzo Multimedia in conjunction with CFZ Publications, or is it the other way round? We're actually not that sure. Contact us with bribes and free stuff:

Jonathan Downes,
Editor: Gonzo Daily (Music and More)
Editor: Gonzo Weekly magazine
The Centre for Fortean Zoology, Myrtle Cottage, Woolfardisworthy, Bideford, North Devon EX39 5QR

Telephone 01237 431413
Fax +44 (0)7006-074-925
You will have certainly noticed that it has all changed. In fact there is no certainly about it. But if you haven’t noticed I would like to know what you have been smoking, and can I have a large packet of it please.

Yes. It has indeed all changed. Basically I have been wanting to upgrade the visuals of the magazine for some time, but now the technology to do what I have wanted to do for yonks has finally become within our budget (i.e. free) and we are going to give it a go.

If things don’t work out we can still go back to the previous method of putting the magazine together, and we shall still be utilising those jolly nice fellows at MailChimp in order to send out the subscriber notifications.

In fact, now is an even better time than usual to subscribe because, not only is it FREE (yes, Oxford English Dictionary free, not yer usual publisher free which means that we sell all the mailing list emails that we garner to a company trying to flog Viagra and/or Double Glazing. No this is FREE as in Gratis. Not a Sausage. But I digress. Not only is it FREE but there will be some exclusive offers for folk who avail themselves of them, so make an old hippy a happy chappy and SUBSCRIBE TODAY.

It is simple; my name is Jon and I'm the editor of the Gonzo Multimedia daily online bloggything, and wot what a long, strange trip it is gonna be…

I keep on thinking that I ought to have some sort of a mission statement in each issue, but it is more than a little difficult to do one.

Basically, (if you don’t mind me sounding more like a wishy washy old hippy than my haircut in the photograph on the previous page would imply) I think that books and music are immensely important.

I look around and see that we are living in a world where the things that I think are important are valued less and less by society as a whole; a world where asinine gameshows and so-called reality TV (which is actually a complete oxymoron, but don’t get me started) are of more importance to most people than anything of cultural or spiritual value.

I am also very disappointed by much of what the contemporary music press puts out, and I decided many years ago, that probably the only way I could read the things that I want to read, would be to publish them myself.

So this is what I have been doing for much of my life. I am also naive enough to think that music and art can change the world, and as the world is in desperate need of change, I am gonna do my best to help.
SOME DAY MY TAPE WILL COME: A cassette tape containing unreleased early tracks by Prince is set for auction. The songs, recorded in the 1970s, feature alongside three early versions of tunes he would later release, including So Blue, Gotta Broken Heart Again, and Sometimes It Snows in April. According to TheWrap, two of the unreleased tracks feature "bouncy, upbeat choruses and risque lyrics", while the third song comes with "a chorus that includes very candid sexual pleas from Prince."

The iconic musician’s guitarist and frequent collaborator Dez Dickerson is putting the item up for sale, and writes: "Prince originally gave me the cassette in late 1978 because he wanted me to listen to a record he had recorded on side A (a female-fronted funk band whose name I don’t remember now). "Sometime during the next year or so, I used the A side to record some scratch bass and guitar parts for songs I was going to be recording for a rock/power pop demo I was doing, recording over the original content (you can still hear a snippet of the funk record at the end of the side)."

While the minimum bid on the cassette tape is $20,000 (£12,500), it’s not the most expensive item up for grabs in the upcoming Prince auction - that title belongs to the diamond engagement ring he presented to ex-wife Mayte Garcia. Read on...

WONDER FULL NEWS: In another exclusive, Barclaycard presents British Summer Time Hyde Park brings one of THE great albums live to London. On July 10th, Stevie Wonder will perform his masterpiece Songs In The Key of Life in its entirety, for a truly epic, must-see show from one of the most prolific artists of all time. Hugely acclaimed in the US, Songs In The Key of Life Tour has run for 18 months, having been extended many times due to phenomenal public demand. Coming to the UK for the very first time, there is extra reason for celebration because 2016 is the album’s 40th Anniversary year.

Released in 1976 on the legendary label Motown Records, featuring the hits Sir Duke, Isn’t She Lovely and I Wish, it is cited as an influence on many of the world’s biggest stars, Elton John, Prince, Michael Jackson and Pharrell to name a few. It was crowned Grammy Album Of The Year in 1977 and is widely hailed as a true work of art. It followed an unsurpassed trilogy of albums that graduated Wonder from teenage Motown prodigy to true artist - Talking Book, Innervisions and Fulfillingness’ First Finale - all released in the first 4 years of the 1970s. Wonder spent 2 more years on ‘Songs’, producing a double album of enthralling music and cementing his position as a musical genius. Read on...

FOR ONCE I AGREE WITH PETE: Although fashion label The Kooples has listened to the public outcry and dropped angora wool, it still sells fur from raccoons, foxes and coyotes – and that’s why Pete Doherty, who once designed a collection for The Kooples, sent a letter on PETA’s behalf calling on the store to go entirely fur-free. ”Not much shocks me anymore, but PETA's undercover video exposes shot on fur farms did ‘shock me to the core’, writes Doherty. “It's obvious that these animals' entire lives are filled with torture … And all for fashion? It's total bollocks.” PETA’s expose reveals how animals on fur farms spend their lives confined to cramped, filthy wire cages before they are electrocuted, gassed or poisoned. In the wild, animals caught in steel-jaw traps can suffer for days from blood loss, dehydration and attacks by predators before being suffocated or bludgeoned to death. Read on...

MAIDEN OVER: Iron Maiden’s Ed Force One tour jet has been involved in a serious accident in Chile. The undercarriage of the Boeing 747 was badly damaged during a collision on the ground in Santiago Airport in Chile.

Two people were taken to hospital but we now understand that they are both confirmed as ‘not serious’. In an online statement Iron Maiden confirmed: “Ed Force One was this morning tethered to a tow truck to be taken for refuelling prior to flying over the Andes to Cordoba for the next show. On moving the steering pin that is part of the mechanism that connects the ground tug to
the aircraft seemingly fell out. On making a turn the aircraft had no steering and collided with the ground tug badly damaging the undercarriage, two of the aircraft's engines and injuring two ground tug operators, both of whom have been taken to hospital. We hope of course that they make a full and speedy recovery and we will be closely monitoring their progress. The flight engineers are on site and evaluating the damage, but their initial report is that the engines have suffered large damage and will require an extended period of maintenance and possibly two new engines". Read on...

A LITTLE COLLINS: Phil Collins' resurgence as a performer continues to scale up at a snail's pace. What was expected to be his first full concert since retiring in 2011 turned into a seven song performance to benefit the Little Dreams Foundation started by he and his former wife. Billed as "Phil Collins Unplugged", the show was held Friday night at the Jackie Gleason Theatre in the Fillmore Miami Beach and, with tickets running up to almost $400, the thought that Collins would take the stage for an extended set. What fans got was a seven song set. Read on...

MAD DONNA: Madonna reportedly suffered an alcohol-fuelled meltdown on stage during her show in Melbourne, Australia, on Saturday night (12Mar16). The Material Girl singer is currently battling ex-husband Guy Ritchie for custody of their son Rocco Ritchie, and shocked the audience at her concert in the Rod Laver Arena when she drank tequila onstage as well as downing a drink from a fan's hip flask as the legal fight took its toll. Madonna confessed to messing up her songs, and made reference to the bitter battle she is embroiled in after her 15-year-old son Rocco decided to live in London with his director father, The Sun on Sunday newspaper reports. Read on...

EAGLES HAVE FLOWN: Most Eagles fans have suspected that the beloved band was most likely done after the recent death of Glenn Frey, but now they have confirmation from bandmate Don Henley. Henley talked to the BBC Radio 2's Simon Mayo and told him, in reference to the Grammy performance with Jackson Browne "I don't think you'll see us performing again. I think that was probably it." He also said that it was a difficult performance that the band wasn't sure they wanted to do but that the Recording Academy had been insistent. Henley also revealed that there was a plan in place, before Frey's death, to tour this coming summer performing the Hotel California album in its entirety. Read on...

RIGHT ON REG: Sir Elton John has sent a very honest message to Australian country star Catherine Britt "Fuck You Cancer", "I wanted to send you this message because I know you are doing this tour and support of breast cancer. I know you are suffering from breast cancer and you are recovering. I am sending my best wishes to you. You are doing an amazing thing. I want to say FUCANCER too". Read on...

 ARSY ARSY NIGHTS: Don McLean has chosen to his wife's filing for divorce public rather than make it a private affair.

McLean was arrested in mid-January for domestic abuse and since charged with additional count for holding his wife hostage in their home for four hours. At that time, Patrisha McLean said that the couple would be getting a divorce but, a week later, called off the divorce threat. Yesterday, Patrisha reversed course and officially filed for divorce citing “adultery, cruel and abusive treatment and irreconcilable differences.” On Friday, Don decided to keep the divorce in the public eyes, posting a series of Tweets that, when put together, create his statement on the situation: My wife has chosen divorce. She has chosen to characterize our 30 year relationship in a completely distorted and untrue manner. We raised two gentle highly educated children in an environment of laughter, music and literature. I suggest anyone interested view the movie “Don McLean: American Troubadour” to get an idea of our life." Read on...
"Capitalism is the extraordinary belief that the nastiest of men for the nastiest of motives will somehow work for the benefit of all."

John Maynard Keynes
APE RELIGION?
http://tinyurl.com/znmbv8s

Biologists working in the Republic of Guinea found evidence for what seemed to be a “sacred tree” used by chimps, perhaps for some sort of ritual. Laura Kehoe of the Humboldt University of Berlin, Germany, set up camera traps by trees marked with unusual scratches. What she found gave her goosebumps: chimps were placing stones in the hollow of trees, and bashing trees with rocks.

“Maybe we found the first evidence of chimpanzees creating a kind of shrine that could indicate sacred trees,” Kehoe wrote on her blog.

CHURCHILL’S GHOST
http://tinyurl.com/jsynnd2

A 23-year-old coach driver believes he has captured the ghost of none other than Sir Winston Churchill frequenting a platform on the London Underground during a stay in the capital. Craig Cooper was travelling back to his hotel when he found himself alone in Queenway station at around midnight - but as he sat waiting for his train, he began to feel a presence looming over him. On edge, he says he stood up, only to feel like someone was stood behind him, and so he stood with his back against the platform wall until his tube arrived. Luckily, Craig had happened to take a photograph of the platform when he arrived so he could send it to his girlfriend, who has never been on the underground.

WOMAN SUES CHICAGO FOR INDECENT EXPOSURE FINE ON ‘GO TOPLESS DAY’
http://tinyurl.com/he22pnq

A woman who for several years participated in “Go Topless Day” in Chicago is suing the city for the cost of an indecent exposure fine, according to court documents. Sonoko Tagami filed a lawsuit Thursday against the city and the Chicago Department of Administrative Hearings. Chicago police ticketed Tagami for indecent exposure in August 2014 during an event at Chicago’s lakefront to promote the right of women to bare their breasts in public. Though Tagami, then 41, had tried covering just enough of her breasts to comply with the city’s decency law, an administrative law judge found her liable and ordered her to pay a $100 fine plus $50 in administrative costs.
"At midnight, all the agents and superhuman crew go out and round up everyone who knows more than they do."
— Desolation Row by Bob Dylan

When those who are in power over us, do something spectacularly stupid, or when something highlights their idiocy and ineffectualness, it turns up in this section. *Que Ipsos Custodes? Us? We just make stupid jokes about them.*

WE DO NOT CLAIM THAT ANY OF THESE STORIES ARE TRUE—ONLY THAT THE PEOPLE WHO POSTED THEM CLAIM THAT THEY ARE TRUE...

GRAEME SEES THE LIGHT!

A Tory disability campaigner has quit and sabotaged his own party’s website in a dramatic protest against George Osborne’s benefit cuts.

Wheelchair-user diabetic Graeme Ellis - who has voted Conservative for 40 years - handed in his membership in disgust after today’s Budget. And he took the entire website of the Conservative Disability Group with him - replacing it with a statement saying: "This website is temporarily closed owing to Disability Cuts".

It comes after George Osborne gave the rich a tax cut by slashing £4.4billion from Personal Independence Payments (PIP) - hot on the heels of a £30-a-week cut to Employment and Support Allowance (ESA).

http://tinyurl.com/zlwmk2q
I have to admit that I have always thought that Chris Packham was a bit of a dick. But on this issue at least I agree with him 100% Right On Chris

IT IS TIME TO STAND UP AND BE COUNTED
THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

IF YOU ARE NOT A PART OF THE SOLUTION YOU ARE A PART OF THE PROBLEM.

ELDRIDGE CLEAVIER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous take a camera

The weak and cowardly take a gun

What sort of person are you?

Celebrate wildlife on World Wildlife Day don't shoot it.
WHO GONZO? WHY GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

What? You don't know who Hunter Thompson is/was/might have been/will be? Without Hunter Thompson there would be no Gonzo Multimedia. It would have been completely different and that would have been an unforgivable pity. So here is:

- A potted history of his life and works
- Rob Ayling explains why he called his company 'Gonzo'

C.J. Stone suggested that as well as explaining Gonzo to those who don’t understand, we should do a weekly quote from the man himself…

"Maybe it meant something. Maybe not, in the long run, but no explanation, no mix of words or music or memories can touch that sense of knowing that you were there and alive in that corner of time and the world. Whatever it meant."

Hunter S. Thompson

This week Gregg Kofi Brown of the legendary Osibisa wrote to us:

Just to let you know about the dates booked so far for my 'Together as One' shows: April 5 The Stables, Milton Keynes, April 22 Dukes, White table, Kent, June 25 Cranleigh Arts Centre, Surrey
A new Frank Zappa film, Who The F*@% Is Frank Zappa, is in the works after the Zappa family granted unrestricted access to the Frank Zappa vault to filmmaker Alex Winter. A Kickstarter is currently underway for both a film and a companion book featuring photos, sheet music, personal excerpts from Zappa's notebook, never-before-seen artwork and much more.


Read on...

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A previously unknown treasure trove of 6,000 artefacts from Bob Dylan's private collection - including handwritten lyrics, contracts and private letters alongside video and audio recordings – has been sold by the artist to the George Kaiser Family Foundation and the University of Tulsa for an estimated $15 to $20 million. Most of it will housed at the Gilcrease Museum in Tulsa, though access to it will largely be restricted to scholars and Dylan experts. Plans are still up in the air, but highlights from the collection will likely be displayed to the public in the near future.

Read more: http://www.rollingstone.com/music/news/bob-dylan-sells-6-000-item-private-collection-for-15-million-20160302#ixzz43BuLkEfT
I always promised that this magazine would never endorse a political candidate. I am afraid that, as a person of integrity, that I have no option but to rescind that promise...

In New Hampshire, a man calling himself Vermin Supreme filed for the presidential primary. He said in his administration, every American will receive a pony. He also plans to defeat ISIS by going back in time.
I stand with the volunteers on the
Greenpeace ship *Esperanza* to speak for the Arctic.

Portobello Shuffle CDs still at special
low price of £5.00 each, 1 x CD inc.
p&p = UK £6.80; Mainland Europe
£8.90; USA £9.95; Rest of the World,
contact Rich
Deakin for postage price.
arsydeedee@yahoo.co.uk

Michael des Barres on

**Little Steven’s**
**Underground Garage**

**Maximum Rock and Roll**

Mornings 8am - 11am ET

**Sirius**
Satellite Radio

(Filling in for Andrew Loog Oldham)
"If you don't want your tax dollars to help the poor, then stop saying you want a country based on Christian values, because you don't."

Jimmy Carter
Each week Richard Freeman: world famous cryptozoologist, explorer, author, and one of the most peculiar people I know picks a suitably off story from the world’s press.

Boy awakes from coma addicted to cheese and swearing

http://tinyurl.com/mqyofzc
Gonzo Web Radio started off as a medium by which interviews and radio programmes about the various acts covered by Gonzo Multimedia could be broadcast to an eagerly attentive world.

But over the past few years, it has become more than that. We now host regular weekly shows by Neil Nixon, a lecturer in professional writing at North West Kent College who uses his weekly radio show, Strange Fruit, as a learning experience for his students on the Foundation Course. I’ve known Neil for years, and he approached me with the idea of syndicating his show.

I agreed, and then the floodgates opened. We have regular weekly shows from Tim and Jaki on their submarine, and from the mysterious M Destiny on the other side of the pond with Friday Night Progressive. We also have a regular visit to the world of the Canterbury Scene courtesy of our friend Matthew Watkins. There are several other shows in the wings, waiting to join us, so stay glued to your seats boys and girls, your life is never going to be the same again!
MICK ABRAHAMS
50 years of music

9th MAY
LIVE AT THE BORDERLINE, LONDON
www.theborderlinelondon.com
Strange Fruit is a unique two-hour radio show exploring the world of underground, strange and generally neglected music. All shows are themed and all shows set out to give the most hardened of sound-hounds some new delight to sample.

The show is also unique in providing homework for undergraduate students on North West Kent College’s Foundation Degree in Professional Writing (who dig up many of the odd facts featured in the links between tracks).

Neil Nixon, the founder and co-presenter of the show has released a book about rare albums for Gonzo Multimedia.

The show is broadcast on Miskin Radio every Sunday from 10-00-midnight.
I first came across Friday Night Progressive totally by accident, but I soon found myself beguiled by the style and taste of presenter M Destiny who presents a weekly two-hour show showcasing all sorts of progressive music that you are unlikely to hear anywhere else. This is surely a man after my own heart. I also very much approve of the way that it is the hub of a whole community of artists, musicians, and collaborators. I hope that you enjoy them as much as I do. Welcome aboard, chaps.

Hello, I am M Destiny host of Friday Night Progressive. You will find it to be an incredible independent internet broadcast show. But it’s more than that. We tend to boast that the musicians played on FNP are above the status quo. This includes the multi-instrumentalist and the educated musician. We tend to shy away from computer generated creations and rely on talent using musical instruments and steer this talent for purposes of sheer inspirational indulgence. It is only in the FNP chat room where you will find the most talented musicians packed at one time into such an honored space.

**ARTISTS:**
QUERCUNIAN CAMERATA
http://www.facebook.com/quercunian.camerata/?fref=nf
Marco Ragni

http://www.facebook.com/Marco-Ragni-Songwriter-1494847694080570/
The Alea Dilemma
http://www.facebook.com/TheAleaDilemma
Gekko Projekt
http://www.facebook.com/GekkoProjekt
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http://www.facebook.com/ClaudioDelgift
Murky Red
http://www.facebook.com/MurkyRed/
Mike Kershaw
http://www.facebook.com/Mike-Kershaw-144511622309101/?fref=nf
Vincent Carr
Friday Night Progressive is on hiatus after this week. M Destiny’s wife is in hospital, and he will not be broadcasting until she is better. Our love and healing vibes go out to them both.
Both yer esteemed editor and yer Gonzo Grande Fromage are interested in the great mysteries of the universe, and so it was truly only a matter of time before Fortean related content began to seep its way into the magazine and onto Gonzo Web Radio...

"Mack Maloney is the author of the best-selling "Wingman" science-fiction series, plus "UFOs in Wartime, What They Didn't Want You To Know," (Berkley Books).

He's a member of SKY CLUB, Gonzo recording artists. He's been a radio host since 2010. He lives with his wife, Doreen, on an island off the coast of Massachusetts."

AND LOOK WHAT MACK HAS FOR YOU THIS WEEK

The CIA's UFO Files Revealed or Who is Nancy Two Turtles?
Mack and Juan-Juan talk to Steve Ward about the frightening "Mississippi Lobster-Men Abduction Case," Steve "The Hammer" Hammons on the surprising release of the CIA's UFOs files. Rob Beckhusen on the chance of a coup in America, Nancy Two Turtles on How to Speak With an Alien, and a report from the front from Commander Cobra.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJ00-j0un6E
Keith Noel Emerson  
(1944 – 2016)

Emerson was an English keyboardist and composer, born in Todmorden, Yorkshire, his family having been evacuated there from the south coast of England during the Second World War. He grew up in Goring-by-Sea, West Sussex.

Emerson played in a number of bands before he found his first commercial success with P. P. Arnold's backing band, the Nice in the late 1960s. He was a founding member of Emerson, Lake & Palmer (ELP), one of the early progressive rock super groups, in 1970. Emerson, Lake & Palmer were critically and commercially successful through much of the 1970s, becoming one of the best-known progressive rock groups of the era.

Following the break-up of ELP at the end of the decade, Emerson had modest success with his solo career and with Emerson, Lake & Powell in the 1980s, as well as with the short-lived progressive rock band 3. ELP reunited during the early 1990s, releasing the album Black Moon. Emerson also reunited the Nice in 2002 for a tour. His last album, The Three Fates Project, was released in 2012.

Emerson became intrigued with the Hammond organ after hearing jazz organist Jack McDuff perform "Rock Candy", and the Hammond became his instrument of choice in the late 1960s. Emerson acquired his first Hammond organ, an L-100 model, at the age of 15 or 16, on hire purchase. The flamboyance for which he would later be noted began when a fight broke out during a performance in France by one of his early bands, the V.I.F.s. Instructed by the band to keep playing, he produced some explosion and machine gun sounds with the Hammond organ, which stopped the fight. The other band members told him to repeat the stunt at the next concert, which he did with success.

During his time in the Nice, Emerson first heard a Moog when a record shop owner played Switched-On Bach for him. Emerson said, "My God that's incredible, what is that played on?" The owner then showed him the album cover. So I said, "What is that?" And he said, "That's the Moog synthesizer." In 1970, Emerson left the Nice and formed Emerson, Lake & Palmer (ELP) with bassist Greg Lake from King Crimson and drummer Carl Palmer from Atomic Rooster.

ELP's record deal provided funds for Emerson to buy his own Moog modular synthesizer, and his willingness to experiment with the Moog led to unexpected results. The so-called "Monster Moog," built from numerous modules, weighed 550 pounds (250 kg), stood 10 feet (3 m) feet tall and took four roadies to move. Even with its unpredictability, it became an indispensable component of not only ELP's concerts, but also Emerson's own.

Emerson used a variety of electronic keyboard instruments during his career, including several Hammond organs and synthesisers by Moog Music, Yamaha, and Korg. From time to time he also used other instruments such as pipe organs, a grand piano, a clavinet, and very briefly, a Mellotron.

Emerson died on 10 March 2016 in Santa Monica, California, of suicide by a gunshot wound to the head.

The medical examiner's report, following an autopsy, concluded that Emerson had also suffered from heart disease and from depression associated with alcohol. His body was found at his Santa Monica home. According to Emerson's partner Mari Kawaguchi, Emerson had become "depressed, nervous and anxious" because nerve damage had hampered his playing, and he was worried that he would perform poorly at upcoming concerts and disappoint his fans.
He achieved international fame through his television series The Paul Daniels Magic Show, which ran on the BBC from 1979 to 1994. He was known for his catchphrase of “You’ll like this ... not a lot, but you’ll like it”, and his marriage to his assistant Debbie McGee.

Daniels’ interest in magic began at the age of 11 when, during a holiday, he read a book called How to Entertain at Parties. He began performing magic as a hobby, occasionally entertaining at parties and youth clubs and later doing shows for fellow servicemen during his national service.

Daniels was awarded the prestigious “Magician of the Year” Award by the Academy of Magical Arts in 1982, and was the first magician from outside the US to receive it.

On 20 February 2016, he had a fall and was taken to hospital, where it was revealed by family that he had been diagnosed with an “incurable brain tumour”. On 17 March, he died aged 77.

Arthur Clifford "Cliff" Michelmore, CBE
(1919 – 2016)

Michelmore was an English television presenter and producer, best known for the BBC television programme Tonight, which he presented from 1957 to 1965.

Those We Have Lost

30
He also hosted the BBC’s television coverage of the Apollo moon landings, the Aberfan disaster, the 1966 and 1970 UK general elections and the investiture of Prince Charles as Prince of Wales in 1969.

Michelmore was born in Cowes, Isle of Wight, and was a member of the 32nd entry of the Aircraft Apprentice Scheme at No. 1 School of Technical Training RAF. He was a squadron leader in the Royal Air Force during World War II and began broadcasting on British Forces Network radio. After the war he worked for BBC Radio and television as a freelance sports commentator.

Michelmore introduced a 17-year-old David Bowie to his first television audience on Tonight in 1964. Bowie was introduced as the spokesman and founder of 'The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Long-Haired Men'.

He died in March 2016.

Sylvia Beatrice Anderson (née Thomas)  
(1927 – 2016)

Anderson was an English television and film producer, writer and voice actress, best known for her collaborations with Gerry Anderson, her husband between 1960 and 1981.

Anderson contributed plot development and voice work for a series of half-hour shows including Supercar, Stingray and Fireball XL5. However, Anderson felt that the half-hour format was insufficient to fully develop characters and stories, and she persuaded the team's TV producer Lew Grade to extend their shows to a full hour.

In the early 1960s, the Andersons co-created the series Thunderbirds, and Anderson created the characters. Anderson was aware that Grade intended to sell the show to American TV networks and wanted to make the show appealing to American audiences, hence she introduced the "British aristocrat" of Lady Penelope's character, and the "Cockney chauffer" of Parker. Lady Penelope, an aristocratic fashionista who was an undercover agent, was to become one of her most popular characters. Anderson both created the character and provided her voice.

She died on 15th March 2016, aged 88, following a short illness.

Joe Ascione  
(1961 – 2016)

Ascione was an American jazz drummer, who began playing drums at age 2. His parents bought him his first drum set at age 4, and he was playing professionally by the time he was 12. As a teenager, he was a roadie for Buddy Rich.

Ascione performed, recorded or toured with...
Dramas over the years have included rival attempts to storm the old tower and a major fire. In the 1960s, Roy and Joan Bates launched their own pirate radio station.

In 2012, singer Ed Sheeran became a “baron” of Sealand, a title also given to Terry Wogan and Ben Fogle. She died on March 15, 2016 in a nursing home in Essex.

Thomas “Tommy” A. Brown (1931 – 2016)

Brown was an American R&B singer, who achieved most of his success in the early 1950s, particularly on records with The Griffin Brothers. He was born in Lumpkin, Georgia, and formed a small band with himself as the drummer in the 1940s, and worked in clubs around Atlanta. In 1949 he recorded "Atlanta Boogie" on the Regent label, the track containing early references to rock and roll:

Well, the whole town's rockin' just about the break of day
Well, when the bar starts jumpin' you can hear the cats all say
Well, let's rock'n'roll, well, let's rock'n'roll

Joan Bates (1930 – 2016)

Joan Bates, was a British Sealandic princess, who helped establish a self-proclaimed independent state on a former military platform off the Suffolk and Essex coast. She and her late husband Major Roy Bates moved to the anti-aircraft fortress just outside British territorial waters almost 50 years ago.

They declared it an independent state and gave themselves the titles "Prince" Roy and "Princess" Joan of Sealand.

Over the years, Sealand, has encountered armed attacks by pirates and government bids to shut it down. "Prince" Michael of Sealand said; "My parents will always be remembered for shaking up the establishment with pirate radio, declaring Sealand's independence and confronting the Royal Navy and other foreign governments."

In 1978, three foreign men landed at Sealand by helicopter and overpowered Michael to claim the 'principality' as their own. Mr Bates soon arrived, took two of the men hostage and regained control of the fort. Sealand has its own flag, has printed its own stamps, has its own currency and issues passports.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST
Davies was one of the first classical composers to open a music download website, MaxOpus (in 1996). The site became temporarily unavailable after the arrest in June 2007 of Michael Arnold (one of MaxOpus's directors) on fraud charges arising from money missing from Davies's business accounts. MaxOpus was relaunched earlier in 2009.

Davies was known as an enfant terrible of the 1960s, whose music frequently shocked audiences and critics. One of his overtly theatrical and shocking pieces was Eight Songs for a Mad King (1969), in which he utilised "musical parody" by taking a canonical piece of music – Handel's Messiah – and subverting it.

In 2004 he was made Master of the Queen's Music, an appointment that was initially controversial, as he was a republican. However he confirmed in 2010 that close contact with the Queen had converted him to monarchism.

Davies was a prolific composer - he wrote ten symphonies, the first from 1973–76, the tenth ("Alla ricerca di Borromini") in 2013 - and wrote in a variety of styles and idioms over his career, often combining disparate styles in one piece. Early works include the Trumpet Sonata (1955), written while he was at college, and his first orchestral work, Prolation (1958), written while under the tutelage of Petrassi. Early works often used serial techniques (for example Sinfonia for chamber orchestra, 1962), sometimes combined with Mediaeval and Renaissance compositional methods. Fragments of plainsong are often used as basic source material to be adapted and developed.

Davies died on 14th March from leukaemia.

Sir Peter Maxwell Davies CH CBE
(1934 – 2016)

Davies was an English composer and conductor, born in Salford, Lancashire. He took piano lessons and composed from an early age. As a 14-year-old, he submitted a composition called Blue Ice to the radio programme Children's Hour in Manchester. BBC producer Trevor Hill showed it to resident singer and entertainer Violet Carson, who said, "He's either quite brilliant or mad". Conductor Charles Groves nodded his approval and said, "I'd get him in".

He moved to the Orkney Islands, initially to Hoy in 1971, and later to Sanday. Orkney (particularly its capital, Kirkwall) hosts the St Magnus Festival, an arts festival founded by Davies in 1977. He frequently used the festival to premiere new works (often played by the local school orchestra).

From 1992 to 2002 he was associate conductor/composer with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, a position he also held with the BBC Philharmonic Orchestra. In 2000 Davies was Artist in Residence at the Barossa Music Festival when he presented some of his music theatre works and worked with students from the Barossa Spring Academy. Davies is also Composer Laureate of the Scottish Chamber Orchestra, for whom he wrote a series of ten Strathclyde Concertos.

Brown died on 12th March, aged 84.
Now, I don't know whether this is a good idea, a bad idea, or just an idea, but - as I believe you know - this magazine is put out each week on a budget of £25, and is free. It will remain free, but I would like to be able to generate some income so I can pay our contributing writers. So, 'why not flog Gonzo Weekly T Shirts?' I thought. 'Why not', I answered...

http://www.zazzle.co.uk/gonzoweekly
Gregg Kofi Brown has been a member of the world class African pioneers OSIBISA for over 22 years and has travelled all over the world promoting the music of Ghana. ‘Together as One’ is Gregg Kofi Brown’s first solo album and features the likes of STING, STANLEY JORDAN, GABRIELLE, DES’REE & BILLY COBHAM. This album is a combination of the African & jazz music that have driven Gregg’s career. With conscience laden lyrics and funky afro-rhythms Gregg has created a multi-national musical platform with his guest artists that speaks to many peoples across the world.

William Emanuel "Billy" Cobham (born May 16, 1944, Panama) is a Panamanian American jazz drummer, composer and bandleader, who permanently relocated to Switzerland during the late 1970s. Coming to prominence in the late 1960s and early 1970s with trumpeter Miles Davis and then with Mahavishnu Orchestra, and on countless CTI releases, Cobham according to AllMusic's reviewer is "generally acclaimed as fusion's greatest drummer with an influential style that combines explosive power and exacting precision."
In 1963, Somerset Records released “Hits Made Famous by Country Queens,” a compilation album featuring Dolly Parton and Faye Tucker. Dolly sang six songs including one of her own original tunes. The list included Kitty Wells’ breakthrough song, “It Wasn’t God Who Made Honky Tonk Angels.” Wells’ original 1952 release sold more than 800,000 copies and became the first single by a female artist to top the country music charts. When asked about Kitty, Dolly said, “Kitty was the first and only Queen of Country Music, no matter what they call the rest of us.”
The Flying Burrito Brothers was an American country rock band, best known for their influential 1969 debut album, The Gilded Palace of Sin. Although the group is perhaps best known for its connection to band founders Gram Parsons and Chris Hillman, the group underwent many personnel changes and has existed in various incarnations to the present day. One of the most important members has been multi-instrumentalist Greg Harris. Gene Humphrey and Dale Davis impressed by Greg's guitar playing on the Sneaky Pete Kleinow solo album for Shiloh records offered him a solo record deal for Shiloh Records. Gene Humphrey remembers: "I first heard Greg at one of Sneaky's sessions for his solo album. Greg was playing acoustic guitar that night and when I heard him pick, I told Dale that this was the guy to do an acoustic album for Shiloh. We gave him a budget and let him pick the songs and musicians. His first album was fabulous." Greg's first solo album "Acoustic" was released 1979 with David Vaught, Chet McCracken, Doug Atwell, Peter Washer and Larry McNeely.

Robert Calvert, born in South Africa, was best known as the resident poet of Hawkwind co-wrote Hawkwind's hit single "Silver Machine", which reached No. 3 in the UK singles chart. Although Lemmy sings on the single version, this is an overdub of a live recording taken at the Roundhouse in London, with Calvert on vocals. Calvert suffered from bipolar disorder, which often caused a fractious relationship with his fellow musicians. At one point he was sectioned under the Mental Health Act. Despite his sometimes debilitating mental health, Calvert remained a fiercely creative, driven and multi-talented artist. During periods away from Hawkwind duties, he worked on his solo career; his creative output including albums, stage plays, poetry, and a novel. His first solo album, Captain Lockheed and the Starfighters, was released in 1974.

An anonymous describes this show from 1986 as: "Originally released on vinyl, but in very limited quantities, this CD allows us a chance to hear the Captain at his best - banter with the audience, some of his favourite songs and a few oddities as well. The performance isn't the finest ever, but even as Calvert and Krankshaft struggle through 'Catch a Falling Starfighter', you will find yourself reminded of happier times. Thanks Bob, heading for the Gods alone know where."
The TV show, 'On Second Thought' claims to: 'challenge the cult of the Omnipotent Government And seek to expose Government Corrupt practices, especially in the current Exceedingly corrupt, for Lawyer [LawLiars] profits.' They continue: 'If you are seeking Truth and not big media hype, you have come to the correct place'. Here they shine the spotlight upon music legend Michael Jackson's murky affairs.

The Kentucky Colonels were a popular bluegrass band in the 1960s. They included Clarence White, later with The Byrds. The White brothers started out as the Country Boys in 1954, with their brother Eric. With the addition of Latham, Mack and Sloane, and Roger Bush replacing Eric, they changed their name to the Kentucky Colonels in 1961. They soon became well-known on the bluegrass scene, performing at folk and country festivals. They appeared on Andy Griffith's television show twice. In 1964, they released their most popular album to date, Appalachian Swing!. The band's last performance was in the Fall of 1965. They reunited with Clarence White and performed a number of shows in 1973 as the New Kentucky Colonels, also known as the White Brothers. Clarence was killed by a drunk driver in July 1973. Before Clarence was killed, the White Brothers recorded an album called "Live in Sweden 1973." This excellent album came out a few years later.
Vivian Stanshall, widely acknowledged as one of the most influential recording artists of the 20th Century may sadly no longer be with us but the incredible words he created live on via the celebrated rave-reviewed recreation of his meisterwerk ‘Sir Henry at Rawlinson End’ by actor, singer and comedian Michael Livesley accompanied by his trusted Brainwashing House band.

Originally created for John Peel’s Radio 1 show in the 1970s, ‘Sir Henry at Rawlinson End’ – the meandering gin-soaked saga of a crumbling English stately home and the grotesques who inhabit it headed by the heroically drunk Sir Henry - perfectly distilled and encapsulated Viv’s absurdly hilarious wordplay and songwriting which first hit the public consciousness during the 1960s via his work helming the cult Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band.

The show, now in its 6th year and with the full blessing of the Stanshall family, has earned the praise of Viv’s fans, friends and celebrity fans alike including keyboard wizard Rick Wakeman who, due to his admiration for this unique piece, has joined the show on piano as a

Artist Michael Livesley and Brainwashing House feat Rick Wakeman, Neil Innes and Susie Honeyman
Title Vivian Stanshall’s Sir Henry at Rawlinson End
Catalogue Number MFGZ008CD
Label Rick Wakeman

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guest many times. This has led to RRAW Records, the exciting new label from Rick and music industry veteran Robin Ayling, proudly presenting this brand new original cast recording of this critically acclaimed stage show as their debut release.

The recording features Rick guesting on piano, and also Viv’s Bonzo bandmate and sometime Rutle and Monty Python member Neil Innes plus Viv’s favourite violinist Susie Honeyman of The Mekons. For more information please visit www.sirhenrylives.com

‘Michael Livesley embodies to perfection the spirit and brilliance of Vivian Stanshall and adds his own measure of outrageous talent too’ – Stephen Fry

‘A tour-de-force and a work of Art’ Neil Innes

‘Sir Henry’s bluster and his epic lack of drawing room manners are still winning fun. All very odd, all very Stanshall!’ Clive Davis, The Times

‘A work of lyrical genius and poetry, on a different plane to the rest of the world’ Rick Wakeman

‘Mike is absolutely remarkable. I’m thankful that Mike keeps the memory of Viv well and truly alive for all of us’ Danny Thompson

‘What a night, an ensemble of madmen at their best, smashing!’ Rupert Stanshall, Vivian’s son

‘Brilliant! Berserk! Simply wonderful!’ Suzanne Moore, The Guardian

‘Rare facility and nimble erudition, as powerful an experience as one could wish for outside Hallucinogens!’ Danny Baker

‘Livesley’s performance gives weight and truth to that old theatrical cliché - a comic tour-de-force’ Andrew Male, MOJO

‘A distorted-mirror celebration of English eccentricity rooted in a riot of linguistic lasciviousness’ Andy Gill, The Independent
I had the honor of knowing Keith Emerson for about 20 years. I met him in 1994 through a company called InVision Interactive that was working on a sample library of his famous modular Moog and Hammond organ for the Akai S1000. The company had the samples; I believe they were recorded by Will Alexander, Keith’s long-time tech. But they needed someone to do the actual voicing for the S1000 format. The guys at the company knew I was familiar with the S1000 and a huge ELP fan. So I got the gig. A few months later at a NAMM show in Los Angeles, I was introduced to Keith and Will. At 27 years old back then, I was quite intimidated to meet one of my heroes, and probably my biggest hero, all things considered. I remember a warm and friendly guy, not as tall as I expected.

I saw Keith occasionally over the next year at various social occasions, trade events, that sort of thing. We struck up a casual friendship, and I recorded some sessions with him at my studio in the Los Angeles area. I remember Keith and his lady friend coming to our house for our Christmas party in 1995. I think they had a nice time, but he must have been a bit off-put or simply amused by the bewilderment and awe of everyone to whom I introduced him. Imagine being at a cocktail party, and a friend says to you, “Hey, let me introduce you to my friend, Jesus Christ.” It was kind of like that.

Later that year, we recorded new samples of his modular Moog and Hammond organ, some of which were used in a few products by Alesis like the QS8. I had the job of creating the sound set for those, and when it came to the synth category, I thought, “Well, let’s get the best synth in the world!” And we did. A year later, he had decided to sell his famous Yamaha GX-1 synthesizer, apparently the one he had bought from John Paul Jones of Led Zeppelin when his first unit needed help. Or at least a backup. Everyone needs a backup of their $50,000 synth, right? Anyway, when I heard of his plans to sell it, I asked to hire it for a week first so that I could sample it for future projects. I recorded it on some songs I was recording for my first solo album. I guess that was a case of being in the right place at the right time.

Shortly after that, I completed the album and asked him to give it a listen. How often do you get to play your first big solo statement for your musical hero? When he heard the two songs with his synth, he immediately turned to me and said, “What, did you get a GX-1?” I then reminded him of the hire I did a few months earlier, to which we both laughed. Keith then generously went on to write the liner notes to that album, Erik Norlander — Threshold, released worldwide in 1997. What a way to launch a record.

Somewhere after that, I remember being at one of Keith’s birthday parties, and of course someone brought out a small keyboard. The party game was to come up with left hand bass lines that Keith could play while simultaneously playing the “Happy Birthday” theme with the right hand. “Tarkus” was the obvious choice, but I seem to remember “Green Onions,” “Peter Gunn” and a few others. Keith won the game, hands down.

Fast forward 10 years to 2007. Keith was getting ready to perform as the opening act for Led Zeppelin in London where he was going to play a version of “Fanfare for the Common Man” with Chris Squire and I believe Simon...
Kirke from Bad Company. We met more breakfast in Santa Monica where I loaned him my Alesis Andromeda synth to check out, as I thought it was the perfect thing to deliver the GX-1 sound in a more reasonably portable package that he could take on the plane. He ended up using something else for the gig, but hey, I tried! At the same breakfast, we discussed my then invitation to join a “new” band called “Asia Featuring John Payne,” a spinoff of the 80s supergroup that had recently reformed, leaving 2nd vocalist / bassist, John Payne, with the name and the previous drummer and guitarist. I asked Keith advice on the gig in earnest. Was this a bad idea, or perhaps a great opportunity to make something new and carry that band into a new era. Keith’s advice was that I should certainly do it, but absolutely to “be your own man.” Advice I followed whole-heartedly.

Keith and Mari came to many of our gigs and was very supportive, but I think the last one was the most surreal. We were playing a benefit for the Ronnie James Dio "Stand Up and Shout Against Cancer" organization at The Playboy Mansion in West LA in 2011. Not only was that a unique experience in itself, but I remember ending the set, playing “Heat of the Moment,” amidst varying degrees of naked women, doing my background vocals, with Keith dancing in front of me, mouthing the words. Well played, sir. Well played.

Probably my most memorable experience with Keith was in 2009 where he and I opened a museum exhibit in Carlsbad, California for “The Legacy of Moog” where Bob Moog’s many inventions were displayed in a wonderful gallery. I played my solo set, Keith played his solo set, then we closed with a joint performance of my song, “The Princely Hours,” that I had written and recorded for The Bob Moog Foundation. That went over so well, that of course the audience wanted an encore. We were backstage (or in a small office converted into a dressing room, rather!), and Keith said, “Do you know Fanfare?” And strangely enough, I did know “Fanfare!” (Copland’s “Fanfare for the Common Man” with Keith’s shuffle arrangement, of course.) I had learned it in earnest the day before, expecting that something like this was going to be a possibility. We played it along with Keith’s tech and FOH mixer, Keith Wechsler on drums. In the audience were several friends from out of state, Bob Moog’s daughter, Michelle, Mike Adams, the owner of Moog Music, Larry Fast, and course, my parents. Good motivation not to screw up. Now that is a memory!
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DESIGNED BY MARTIN COOK, AFTER ALEX STEINWEISS
Little did I suspect 6 months ago when I wrote this piece on ELP’s *Brain Salad Surgery* album and tour that we would be talking so soon after about the tragic passing of founder Keith Emerson. I missed ELP’s key 1970s shows, including the legendary Cal Jam festival in 1973 but was fortunate to see them during the *Black Moon* tour of 1992-1993 in San Francisco. It was an amazing, memorable show that finally gave me the chance to witness the legendary talent of Keith Emerson playing in person. I never thought the critics were fair to ELP. After hailing them as the “next super group” they were savaged by accusations of being pretentious and bombastic. While the band purposefully over the top, these qualities made sense as part of the package; talent, confidence and showmanship presented at full volume. As the years passed, I appreciate ELP more and more, and view them as important pioneers of progressive rock. It’s clear no matter one’s musical palette, that these are three of the most talented musicians of our time, and its heartbreaking to know that Keith is now gone, and worse that his passing was apparently under such tragic circumstances.

*For a moment, let’s take time to look back on Keith Emerson and the band’s greatest achievement.*

Everyone who knows the band will have their favorite album, but to this listener, 1973’s *Brain Salad Surgery* is their absolute masterpiece. Its majesty is evident from the first note to the last. As the album kicks off with “Jerusalem,” Greg Lake croons in powerful melodious baritone:

*And did those feet in ancient time,*  
*Walk upon England’s mountains green?*

This opening track, a beloved and patriotic English anthem, sets the stage for what is to come; a series of intricate compositions and virtuosic performances from Lake (vocals, bass, guitars), Keith Emerson (keyboards, computer voice), and Carl Palmer (drums & percussion synthesizers). The album represented a high water mark for the band, both in the studio and for their stunning live performances, which culminated in America when the group played to over 200,000 fans at “California Jam Festival” in 1974. Nearly forty-five minutes of this show
"WELCOME BACK MY FRIENDS"

EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER
ON TOUR

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* Cincinnati, Ohio—Nov. 22, Cincinnati Gardens
* Charleston, West Virginia—Nov. 23, Civic Center
* Indianapolis, Indiana—Nov. 24, Coliseum
* Nashville, Tennessee—Nov. 25, Municipal Auditorium
* Champaign, Illinois—Nov. 26, University of Illinois

* Oklahoma City, Oklahoma—Nov. 28, State Fair Arena
* Des Moines, Iowa—Nov. 29, Memorial Auditorium
* Minneapolis, Minnesota—Dec. 1, Metropolitan Sports Center
* Chicago, Illinois—Dec. 2 and 3, Ampitheatre
* Detroit, Michigan—Dec. 4 and 5, Cobo Hall
* Toronto, Ontario—Dec. 7, Maple Leaf Gardens
* Syracuse, New York—Dec. 8, Cornell University

* Montreal, Quebec—Dec. 9, Montreal Forum
* Boston, Mass.—Dec. 10, Boston Gardens
* Philadelphia, Pa.—Dec. 11, Spectrum
* Uniondale, New York—Dec. 13, Nassau Coliseum
* New Haven, Connecticut—Dec. 14, Coliseum
* Baltimore, Maryland—Dec. 15, Civic Center
* New York, New York—Dec. 17 & 18, Madison Square Garden
was captured on film, later released on DVD as part of the Beyond the Beginning collection. In addition, fans were treated to a triple album capturing the band at their peak.

CONCEPT & MUSIC

The centerpiece of Brain Salad Surgery is “Karn Evil 9”, a suite presented over 30 minutes in three parts, or “impressions.” The themes in the “Karn Evil 9” suite, a “carnival of words and music” came in parts, moving from a disaffected generation witnessing the evils of the world, culminating in mankind facing a war-ravaged world taken over by computers. King Crimson lyricist Peter Sinfield and Lake collaborated on the lyrics during intense writing sessions, weaving together the disparate movements. In the early sixties Sinfield had worked on a mainframe computer that he claimed could actually play the song “Daisy, Daisy” a tune which listeners may also recall from Stanley Kubrick’s 1968 film 2001: A Space Odyssey, itself a study of the man-machine battle. On a recent CD reissue, Lake explains, “Some of the lyrics would be surreal, then the next day we would feel that something needed to be said, for instance like the way the media make money from photographing people suffering. The whole concept of computers dominating peoples lives, and the one line Load your program, I am yourself - they were rather prophetic words… I really do question sometimes how much good it’s doing us, all this bloody technology! That’s what Brain Salad Surgery was to some extent about.” Taken as a suite, the themes of the composition leave the listener to interpret the whole, a hallmark of the best conceptual rock in the 1970’s.

To round out the album, four initial tracks display the band’s prowess in every possible manner. Already known for interpreting classical and contemporary works by other composers, the band began the record with “Jerusalem,” by Sir Hubert Parry, with words from the poem by William Blake, and follow-up “Toccata,” a complex instrumental piece based on the 4th movement of Alberto Ginastera’s “1st Piano Concerto.” This cut includes a credit to Carl Palmer for his synthesized percussion movement; a startling aggressive workout on his new electronic kit. Lake’s ballad “Still… You Turn Me On” is the primary “radio-friendly” track on the album, a serene and catchy love song. The comedic music hall number “Benny The Bouncer” gives Lake a chance to work out raspy vocals in a Cockney accent, with boogie-woogie piano by Emerson and Palmer keeping pace on small kit. The centerpiece, “Karn Evil 9,” began on side one of the original LP and continued by filling all of side 2.
For the album cover, the band went with an evocative painting by artist H.R. Giger, whose work later in the decade would be used in the *Alien* movies. Emerson had been introduced to Giger while on tour in Switzerland. The band went to his studio to peruse his work, and he produced the cover henceforth. The painting, featuring industrial machinery housing an embedded human skull, presents a portal through which an image based on a portrait of Giger’s wife’s is partly visible. Opening the album’s gatefold cover revealed the complete image. This inventive design perfectly suited the album and it’s themes. Famously, the record company forced the band to tone down the painting’s sexual content, replacing an image of a penis with a slightly vague shaft of light.

Reflecting on the album, band members look back fondly. “I think what people really found appealing about the band was more it’s fantasy side,” says Lake, “and that side of ELP was more predominant on the earlier albums.” “We were doing things to push the boundaries of experimentation and recording forward,” adds Palmer.

**LIVE PERFORMANCE**

*Brain Salad Surgery* came during the time when there were major innovations in technology and recording process. The band deployed these on their prior album *Tarkus*, but found the songs difficult to recreate in their live shows. For the new album, they ensured all tracks could be played live by the band before going into the studio. The resulting concerts benefited tremendously from this foresight, as the band was able to deliver precise yet energetic renditions of each track with flights of improvisation as well.

The tour started in America in late 1973, and represented the most complex stage, sound and lighting system of that time, including quadraphonic sound, and for some of the dates, a “flying piano” setup that allowed Emerson to appear to be playing a grand piano while spinning head over heels in 360 degree loops. Not to be outdone, Palmer’s massive drum riser weighed almost 1.5 tons, including a revolving platform, church bell and gongs. The 1974 three LP set, *Welcome Back My Friends, To The Show That Never Ends – Ladies and Gentlemen* was produced from the band’s February 1974 shows in Anaheim, California, and is one of the best selling triple-album sets of all time.

**TELEVISION SPECIAL**

*Beyond The Beginning, Cal Jam Concert (2005), Universal, 44 min, 1.5:1*

The DVD *Beyond The Beginning* (2005) contains a documentary of ELP, but more importantly includes the best available concert film of the band at this pivotal time. The 44-minute picture was broadcast on ABC television, taken at their last stop on the American tour when headlining at the California Jam Festival, playing for over 200,000 people. The professional color film is a top quality production for its time, featuring lengthy close-ups of fingers, sticks and picks, capturing the virtuosity of each band member.

The set list begins with Palmer and his synthesized drums playing the solo in “Toccata” after which we are treated to two of Lake’s ballads, “Still… You Turn Me On” and “Lucky Man.” Emerson’s astounding “Piano Improvisations” follow and they are caught in detail, along with the first segment of “Take A Pebble”. The real treat follows, an almost note-perfect live rendition of the 1st and 3rd impressions of the “Karn Evil 9” suite which includes a lengthy Palmer drum solo, highlighting his rotating drum riser, followed by Lake’s powerful vocals, Emerson’s polyphonic Moog leads, and the simulated destruction of the villainous computer. The film concludes with “Great Gates of Kiev” during which Emerson deploys the spinning piano stagecraft, before the coda and fireworks.

Though on the balance this film is priceless, some complaints apply. Most importantly, this DVD hosts an incomplete version of the concert, severely edited before being broadcast on ABC television. Opening songs “Hoedown” and “Jerusalem” are cut, as is “Tarkus” and “Karn Evil 9” 1st impression part 1 and all of the 2nd impression. Additionally there are a few instances where songs are truncated, such as “Toccata” and “Take A Pebble.” One can only hope that an edited version of the film is eventually located and released. As to the camerawork, the only inadequate scenes are distant shots meant to capture the full band across the large stage, as these are grainy and unfocused. Otherwise, the edits are well timed and camera angles are expertly planned, yielding brilliant shots of each musician in action. As to the performance, Emerson and Lake visibly and rather annoyingly chew gum throughout the evening, but otherwise these artists play with precision, enthusiasm, and aplomb. Lake for one claimed in a recent interview that those shows were never be surpassed for their emotional intensity and capacity to impact the audience, and this reviewer agrees. For those who missed it, this film remains the best way to capture this most impressive moment in in ELP’s history.

Film Strip: (top to bottom) (a) Close-up of Keith Emerson demonstrating this appealing transfer (b) Greg Lake captured up close frequently (c) Carl Palmer fronting colorful palette (d) Emerson’s spinning piano captured for posterity (e) fun set piece, the overwhelmed computer of the 3rd impression

http://diegospadeproductions.com/
A Statement From Greg Lake About Keith Emerson

To all ELP friends and fans all over the world, I would like to express my deep sadness upon hearing this tragic news. As you know Keith and I spent many of the best years of our lives together and to witness his life coming to an end in the way that it has is painful, both to myself and to all who knew him.

As sad and tragic as Keith’s death is, I would not want this to be the lasting memory people take away with them. What I will always remember about Keith Emerson was his remarkable talent as a musician and composer and his gift and passion to entertain. Music was his life and despite some of the difficulties he encountered I am sure that the music he created will live on forever.

My deepest condolences go to Keith’s family.

May he now be at peace.

Greg Lake
London - March 12, 2016

A Statement From Patrick Moraz about Keith Emerson

Homage to Keith Emerson.

Still under the shock of Keith Emerson’s passing, I feel deeply saddened about this very unfortunate event.

He was a fantastic musician, composer and showman. I have the highest respect for his music and the way he expressed himself as an Artist.

With his extraordinary style, use of the most advanced technologies and his mastery of the keyboards, he influenced thousands of players and touched millions of fans all over the world!

We will always remember Keith Emerson and his music.

R.I.P. Keith

With my most sincere Condolences to his Family.

Patrick Moraz
Keyboardist and founding member of Emerson, Lake and Palmer died on March 10. I remember sitting in an entry-level Music Appreciation class at Cal State Northridge in the mid-1970s. For one hour, three times a week, I would find a seat in the back of the auditorium to catch a short nap while professor and Los Angeles Opera baritone Terry Bowers would intone through discussions of iambic pentameters and how a fugue differed from a rondo. The percussive sounds of snores and wheezes as other students joined me in rhythmic power napping ended on the day that he introduced us to Emerson, Lake and Palmer’s rendition of Modest Mussorgsky’s “Pictures at an Exhibition.”

Our brains clicked like the tapping of a conductor’s baton as it alerts the orchestra. We heard a rock trio translate a classical piece into something contemporary and relevant to the music that we were brought up with. The Beatles had just hinted at the direction that rock was going. This album nailed it. Immediately after class, instead of hitting up the local Cupid’s Hot Dogs, I drove straight to Mays Music Mart and bought the album. For the next 40-plus years, that album would be on heavy rotation, and the keyboardist who blurred those lines between rock and classical would become a huge part of my and millions of others’ growing musical appreciation and experience.

Keith Emerson was a god who proved himself mortal. Keith ended his life on the evening of March 10, 2016, by his own hand. According to his longtime companion and fiancée Mari Kawaguchi, he was despondent over a recurring degenerative nerve injury that had seriously limited his virtuosity.

I knew Keith briefly, intermittently — I was a fan that designed his first website, and in the tumult of those precarious celebrity/mortal relationships where the bounds and limits of appropriateness often bridged clumsily, I came to know a man who sincerely loved his fans.

As I write this, about 30,000 feet in the air as I head back to Los Angeles, I see his name on the CNN breaking news crawl. Keith would have chuckled at this newfound and resurgent fame. And now, I can’t help but turn my attention to take a look out of the United plane’s window down at the clouds, hoping for a glimpse, or an imagined sighting of Keith. I know he’s out there, hopscotching the cumulus as he did many times flying solo in a Cessna 152, or maybe somersaulting the topsy-turvy “Flying Steinway Grand Piano” that my friend Karen’s father, a special-effects designer, built for him. There was no CGI back then. No holograms. Just Keith, strapped in and tumbling as he put it “arse over teakettle” strapped into a huge piano that seemed to fly over our heads at Cal Jam all those years ago.

Keith Emerson was a musical genius whose humanity and empathy were refreshingly uncharacteristic of the airs and graces of fame. Keith was no Kanye. Keith embraced you with genuine interest and concern. This is the Keith Emerson that I remember. Keith was the multidextrous keyboardist that took the stage, dwarfed by the monolithic modular Moog that was built for him by Professor Robert Moog himself.

Keith soared musically. He was the prototypical yet unassuming rock icon who won the Playboy Musician Awards year after year. Although Keith wrote the book on progressive rock music, he would give all the credit to his own Gods by the name of Brubeck and Monk.

Come to think of it, there was no “progressive rock” before Keith Emerson. He morphed from a Hendrix-like organist to a classical composer of distinction. Keith would stab knives into his splintered Hammond B3, and then, while the wounded keys and processors fed back into the amplifiers, he would ride that Hammond until...
finally, trapped beneath it, Keith would reach up and play Bach’s “Toccata and Fugue in D Minor.” The next tour would showcase the grandeur and bombast of Keith’s “Piano Concerto No. 1,” with an accompanying 40-piece orchestra that toured as long as the band’s credit cards didn’t max out. My favorite Keith Emerson story happened during our fight to save the Motion Picture Home’s long term care facility. Keith loved the elderly. I was in touch with him and remember him saying, “How’s your mom?” To which I launched into my pitch about our fight to save motion picture and television industry long term care.

“You know, Richard, the Japanese have a custom where the elderly are taken up the mountain by the children as a last rite of respect and honor,” Keith spoke slowly, deliberately as he told me this. “It seems that what you and your friends are doing is exactly that. You are carrying them up the mountain.”

The next day, I got an e-mail from Keith with an attachment of a piece of music. The email read “I’m thinking of you and the old folks. Here’s something you can play for them.” I clicked on the sound file, and even now I am choking back the tears. Keith had sent one of the most beautiful piano pieces that I had ever heard. We did use it on the Saving The Lives Of Our Own website. I remember it was used to celebrate our own Thanksgiving for the elderly, and it was signed “love from Keith and Mari.”

In a heart-wrenching statement, Mari spoke through Facebook: “Where are you. Please come back. I cannot think of a world without you.” Depression is the great leveler, a darkness that is shared by the famous, and the not-so-famous. Keith’s love for his fans did him in. He could not bear to let anyone down. I can imagine that his last thought might have been a wish for forgiveness. We, who continue to live, will continue to forgive. Keith was great on forgiveness, as I know so well. Keith Emerson will live on in our hearts, our minds, our ears for generations to come.

Rest in peace.
To the Next Generation of Artists,

We find ourselves in turbulent and unpredictable times.

From the horror at the Bataclan, to the upheaval in Syria and the senseless bloodshed in San Bernardino, we live in a time of great confusion and pain. As an artist, creator and dreamer of this world, we ask you not to be discouraged by what you see but to use your own lives, and by extension your art, as vehicles for the construction of peace.

While it’s true that the issues facing the world are complex, the answer to peace is simple; it begins with you. You don’t have to be living in a third world country or working for an NGO to make a difference. Each of us has a unique mission. We are all pieces in a giant, fluid puzzle, where the smallest of actions by one puzzle piece profoundly affects each of the others. You matter, your actions matter, your art matters.

We’d like to be clear that while this letter is written with an artistic audience in mind, these thoughts transcend professional boundaries and apply to all people, regardless of profession.

**FIRST, AWAKEN TO YOUR HUMANITY**

We are not alone. We do not exist alone and we cannot create alone. What this world needs is a humanistic awakening of the desire to raise one’s life condition to a place where our actions are rooted in altruism and compassion. You cannot hide behind a profession or instrument; you have to be human. Focus your energy on becoming the best human you can be. Focus on developing empathy and compassion. Through the process you’ll tap into a wealth of inspiration rooted in the complexity and curiosity of what it means to simply exist on this planet. Music is but a drop in the ocean of life.

**EMBRACE AND CONQUER THE ROAD LESS TRAVELED**

The world needs new pathways. Don’t allow yourself to be hijacked by common rhetoric, or false beliefs and illusions about how life should be lived. It’s up to you to be the pioneers. Whether through the exploration of new sounds, rhythms, and harmonies or unexpected collaborations, processes and experiences, we encourage you to dispel
repetition in all of its negative forms and consequences. Strive to create new actions both musically and with the pathway of your life. Never conform.

WELCOME THE UNKNOWN

The unknown necessitates a moment-to-moment improvisation or creative process that is unparalleled in potential and fulfillment. There is no dress rehearsal for life because life, itself, is the real rehearsal. Every relationship, obstacle, interaction, etc. is a rehearsal for the next adventure in life. Everything is connected. Everything builds. Nothing is ever wasted. This type of thinking requires courage. Be courageous and do not lose your sense of exhilaration and reverence for this wonderful world around you.

UNDERSTAND THE TRUE NATURE OF OBSTACLES

We have this idea of failure, but it’s not real; it’s an illusion. There is no such thing as failure. What you perceive as failure is really a new opportunity, a new hand of cards, or a new canvas to create upon. In life there are unlimited opportunities. The words, “success” and “failure”, themselves, are nothing more than labels. Every moment is an opportunity. You, as a human being, have no limits; therefore infinite possibilities exist in any circumstance.

DON’T BE AFRAID TO INTERACT WITH THOSE WHO ARE DIFFERENT FROM YOU

The world needs more one-on-one interaction among people of diverse origins with a greater emphasis on art, culture and education. Our differences are what we have in common. We can work to create an open and continuous plane where all types of people can exchange ideas, resources, thoughtfulness and kindness. We need to be connecting with one another, learning about one another, and experiencing life with one another. We can never have peace if we cannot understand the pain in each other’s hearts. The more we interact, the more we will come to realize that our humanity transcends all differences.

STRIVE TO CREATE AGENDA-FREE DIALOGUE

Art in any form is a medium for dialogue, which is a powerful tool. It is time for the music world to produce sound stories that ignite dialogue about the mystery of us. When we say the mystery of us, we’re talking about reflecting and challenging the fears, which prevent us from discovering our unlimited access to the courage inherent in us all. Yes, you are enough. Yes, you matter. Yes, you should keep going.

BE WARY OF EGO

Arrogance can develop within artists, either from artists who believe that their status makes them more important, or those whose association with a creative field entitles them to some sort of superiority. Beware of ego; creativity cannot flow when only the ego is served.

WORK TOWARDS A BUSINESS WITHOUT BORDERS

The medical field has an organization called Doctors Without Borders. This lofty effort can serve as a model for transcending the limitations and strategies of old business formulas which are designed to perpetuate old systems in the guise of new ones. We’re speaking directly to a system that’s in place, a system that conditions consumers to purchase only the products that are dictated to be deemed marketable, a system where money is only the means to an end. The music business is a fraction of the business of life. Living with creative integrity can bring forth benefits never imagined.

APPRECIATE THE GENERATION THAT WALKED BEFORE YOU

Your elders can help you. They are a source of wealth in the form of wisdom. They have weathered storms and endured the same heartbreaks; let their struggles be the light that shines the way in the darkness. Don’t waste time repeating their mistakes. Instead, take what they’ve done and catapult you towards building a progressively better world for the progeny to come.

LASTLY, WE HOPE THAT YOU LIVE IN A STATE OF CONSTANT WONDER

As we accumulate years, parts of our imagination tend to dull. Whether from sadness, prolonged struggle, or social conditioning, somewhere along the way people forget how to tap into the inherent magic that exists within our minds. Don’t let that part of your imagination fade away. Look up at the stars and imagine what it would be like to be an astronaut or a pilot. Imagine exploring the pyramids or Machu Picchu. Imagine flying like a bird or crashing through a wall like Superman. Imagine running with dinosaurs or swimming like mer-creatures. All that exists is a product of someone’s imagination; treasure and nurture yours and you’ll always find yourself on the precipice of discovery.

How does any of this lend to the creation of a peaceful society you ask? It begins with a cause. Your causes create the effects that shape your future and the future of all those around you. Be the leaders in the movie of your life. You are the director, producer, and actor. Be bold and tirelessly compassionate as you dance through the voyage that is this lifetime.
FRUITS DE MER & MEGA DODO

GAMES FOR MAY

SENDICA,
THE HONEY POT, MAGIC BUS,
SOFT HEARTED SCIENTISTS,
CHRIS LAMBERT (MC AND STORYTELLER).
MAY 29, HALF MOON, PUTNEY.
DOORS OPEN 4PM.
You know the score as well as I do. I’m not even going to try to pretend that this is an original idea of mine; the BBC thought it up decades ago and it was Rob Ayling’s idea to apply it to the Gonzo Weekly. The concept is a simple one: one takes a celebrity and plonks them on an unnamed desert island with a bible and the complete works of Shakespeare. Although any of our celebrities would be welcome to take a copy of the Bible and the complete works of Shakespeare with them, this being Gonzo, we can think of other, more appropriate accoutrements – what was it the good Doctor took with him on his most well known expedition? “We had two bags of grass, seventy-five pellets of mescaline, five sheets of high-powered blotter acid, a salt shaker half full of cocaine, and a whole galaxy of multi-colored uppers, downers, screamers, laughers and also a quart of tequila, a quart of rum, a case of Budweiser, a pint of raw ether and two dozen amyls.”

I wouldn’t necessarily go that far, but if we may again quote the good Doctor: "I hate to advocate drugs, alcohol, violence, or insanity to anyone, but they’ve always worked for me.” I am not going to lay down the law as to what luxury, or indeed essential items, our castaways are going to be given. The only thing we are going to ask them is for ten records which they believe would be utterly essential for their wellbeing if Gonzo Multimedia really were going to plonk them on an island in the middle of the ocean, which I have to say that, after the week I’ve had, sounds like my idea of utter bliss.

Amy Phillipson aka Nursey (but only by me) is a dear friend, herbalist and alternative diety person, a clever nurse, the lady who makes me scrummy chocolates that are so low on the hypoglycaemic index that I don’t feel guilty for eating them, mother of my office amanuensis Charlotte, wife of Andy the Druid, and all round good egg. But I have often wondered what records she would take if we marooned her on a desert island...
Okay, Nursey has a rather eclectic taste as you are no doubt aware. So in no particular order as it's likely to be on my iPod:-

1 - A Pink Floyd box set ideally including Wish You Were Here (oh the irony!) and Dark Side of the Moon, anything else is a bonus.

2 - London Calling - The Clash

3 - The complete Billy Joel collection - yes everything in one box set (in an ideal world this would be readily available)

4 - Ditto for Aretha Franklin or at the very least a comprehensive "Best of" album

5 - And Ditto for Billie Holiday

6 - Conscience - The Beloved

7 - A complete Billy Bragg collection (see my comment for number 3)

8 - Easter - Patti Smith

9 - Nothing Compares to You - Prince (sorry not Sinead's version I prefer Rosie Gaines voice on the backing of his)

10 - Either The Joshua Tree or Rattle and Hum by U2

Disclaimer: Any and all lists are subject to change based on lunar cycle and availability of chocolate. I'd have included Classical Music but I find it more difficult to choose that other than Beethoven's 9th and Saint Saens Organ Concerto and any Spanish guitar music.
IF YOU'D LIKE
TO TALK
ABOUT CANCER.
YOU'RE NOT
ALONE

Cancer can be the loneliest place,
and can leave you with many questions.
Our cancer information specialists are
here for you or a loved one.
For information, advice or a chat, call us
free on 0808 808 00 00.
macmillan.org.uk/talktous

Find out more about Zahida, a specialist on the
Macmillan Support Line, at macmillan.org.uk/Zahida
RICK WAKEMAN plays DAVID BOWIE’s LIFE ON MARS
In aid of Macmillan Cancer Support
This is the most important moment in history to do something for African elephants. Because it's the worst time in history to be an elephant.

In 1980 there were 1.2 million elephants in Africa. Now there are just 430,000 and 20,000 were killed last year alone to fuel soaring demand for ivory. About one every 20 minutes.

That's why The Nature Conservancy has teamed up with music industry icon Martin Guitar on #SaveElephants -- a movement to provide people with simple actions to help elephants that will add up to make a difference.

Martin Guitar has been a leader in elephant protection since the 1970s when the company made the decision to stop using ivory on its guitars and started to phase the material from its supply chain. As the founding sponsor of #SaveElephants, Martin has donated five custom elephant-themed guitars for raising funds.

#SaveElephants is part of a partnership between the Conservancy's programs in Africa and China to increase wildlife security, expand habitat, reduce demand, and reduce poverty and instability in places where elephants range -- the root cause of poaching.

Ultimately, this is bigger than elephants. Poaching spreads crime and instability, threatening lives and tourism-based income that's desperately needed by the people who live among elephants.

We have to do more. That's why we're thrilled to be working with Martin Guitar -- and with you. Together, we're powerful.

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks
Director, Africa Region
The Nature Conservancy

p.s. Start helping elephants today at nature.org/elephants and follow us on Instagram, Facebook or Twitter to get action alerts.
Weekly Acoustic Jam Session Hosted by Dogleg

@The Village Inn, Westward Ho!
Every Tuesday from 7.30pm

All styles, levels and listeners welcome

facebook - dogleg Musician/Band
At this point I also decided we needed more effects. I was already making flash bombs from a car battery, broken flash bulbs (back in the seventies there were no LEDs. Flash photography was achieved by small glass bulbs containing magnesium ribbon which was ignited by having an electric current passed through it. I would take these apart, put them in cut down bean cans, sprinkle with magnesium powder, and connect them to a car battery. Flash!) We then discovered ‘The Theatre Scene Armoury’ in Covent Garden. This was a small office just off the market square. Pretty nondescript, but crammed with explosives. They provided many of the explosions and special effects for the stage, TV and films.

One of their clients was a ventriloquist whose dummy had a hollow head filled with offal. Towards the end of the show he would say, ‘I’ve got a bad headache’, ‘I feel ill’, ‘Me head is really hurting’ etc. At that point the ventriloquist would press a button and a small maroon (stage explosion) would go off in the dummy’s head spraying offal into the audience. Any idea why this act never became famous?

So we were all primed up. Explosions, smoke bombs, strobes, the Full Monty. Alan Essex, who played a variety of homemade synths, had been in a band a while before and called the bass player from that band to see if he was free. Terry Morley joined the band and brought his brother Tony with him. This was the new band and we began to do a whole load of gigs. They also brought with them a guy called Steve Wollington who was to become our roadie. Steve was there through all of the Wooden Lion gigs from then on.

We had been doing a number of shows with a street Theatre group called East. They were a fairly anarchic bunch of people who all lived in a house in East London. They would do various impromptu street theatre shows, as well as putting on children’s shows for the local community. As our friendship developed we began to go along to some of these shows and then play on the stage after they had finished. There were often a load of kids still there, looking slightly baffled by the odd collection of hippies that would turn up to see us and the antics of the madmen on the stage. Alan’s swooping and
on and play straight after, just to keep the audience in the building while the police and ambulances arrived. Not only had they made the cannon, they also made the explosives using weed killer and sugar – a mixture later used by the IRA.

I have read a few reports of this incident later and they say that the main youth worker had asked to see the cannon working and that was why it was fired outside. Whatever the real reason was, that stopped all pyrotechnics at council venues. That did not stop us doing them in other places though. We got a gig at the Dagenham Roundhouse, supporting The Sensational Alex Harvey Band. Alan’s friend, Steve, (later renamed Suicidal Stevie) used to do the explosions and stuff, but another friend of ours said that since it was a bigger gig we would need bigger smoke bombs. The end of our set was a number called ‘Haunter of the Dark’ (after an H.P. Lovecraft story). At the climax of this I shouted ‘Let me out of this place!’, the maroon went off, smoke bombs poured smoke, strobes fired and we went into the last section – the lyrically challenging ‘Help, let me out’ over and over again. At the Roundhouse we used the ‘big smoke bombs’ and the room filled with a choking acrid smoke. It seems he had got hold of a tank obscuring grenade from a friend in the T.A. They had to open all the doors and windows to get the smoke out, and SAHB went on nearly an hour late.

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Now recognised as the leading online magazine of its type, Phenomena Magazine is a FREE magazine from Manchester’s Association of Paranormal Investigation and Training. (MAPIT)

Recognised as the leading online magazine of its type, now distributed worldwide, ‘Phenomena Magazine’ is a FREE monthly publication. Phenomena looks into the whole realm of the Strange, Profound, Unknown and Unexplained, delving into subjects of the Paranormal, Ufological, Cryptozoological, Parapsychological, Earth Mysteries, Supernatural and Fortean Events. Guest writers along with reviews of books, movies and documentaries add to the content as does recent news from around the world. Phenomena Magazine can be downloaded from our site every month for FREE in PDF Format.

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ALIEN ABDUCTION OF CHILDREN OR IS THERE ANOTHER EXPLANATION?

IN THE NEWS LATEST INVESTIGATIONS A PARANORMAL VISIT TO CHESTER AND MUCH MORE!

THE FOURTH KIND MOVIE REVIEW WHAT IS THE TRUTH BEHIND THE HIT MOVIE THE FOURTH KIND?

MYSTERIOUS ENCOUNTERS IN MORECAMBE

SAINTBURY’S AMUSEMENT PARK COMES UNDER SIEGE

An American In Suffolk

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FREE!
The curators have been quoted as saying people now want more than just looking at things, hence the idea of a more immersive experience. The tickets will contain a warning (sic) that the exhibition may contain ‘sex, drugs and rock and roll’, can’t be bad! 350 or so ‘objects’ are planned within overall. It sounds like they are going to give it a good go (unlike the rather disappointing Andy Warhol exhibition on in Oxford at the moment, which seemed rather small and over-marketed from my visit last weekend).

I don’t watch much TV, there’s way too much good music to listen to and little time, but BBC2 recently showed an interesting series taking a modern day family (mum, dad plus two kids) back in time. They spent a week in the 50s, 60s, 70s, 80s and 90s and then finally took a punt on the future. The 16 year old daughter, Daisy I think, made some of the most interesting comments, especially on the last episode when she said (as did most of the family) that she enjoyed the 70s the most and more tellingly, that all the 20th century teenagers seem to have real fun and all her generation did was ‘stare at their screens’.

Later this year, London’s Victoria and Albert Museum will hold a special exhibition entitled ‘You say you want a Revolution’, an attempt to give modern folk a taste of the ‘1960s psychedelic rebellion’, including a multi-media attempt to recreate an acid trip no less! Of course, for part of that time LSD, was legal and a number of establishment figures have been approached in researching the event. The ‘trip’ is based on the UFO Club in London, in particular a Pink Floyd gig at the time, lightshows and using 3D sound installations provided by Sennheiser, famous for their microphones and headphones. A John ‘Hoppy’ Hopkins light show will be recreated, and the legendary Technicolour Dream at Ally Pally will also ‘feature’. Incidentally, a crowd-funding campaign is trying to raise money about a film about Hopkins currently too. Levi’s seem to be the other big commercial sponsor, they did make rather nice jeans, especially for the ladies at the time I recall.

More well known artists such as Hendrix, George Harrison, Yoko Ono and Pete Townsend will also feature, two hundred of John Peel’s records have been lent to the organisers as well. The positive side of LSD is the premise, ‘the revolution in the head’. Apple’s Steve Job’s also features, widely quoted as saying LSD was one of the most important experiences of his life, and look what he managed to do as a result, for good or bad, depending on your point of view.
our security services to hack into mobiles, tablets and computers! Remember the old saying, ‘just because you are paranoid doesn’t mean they are not out to get you’…

Tickets for the exhibition are booking already, £16 a pop. Once the media really start hyping it up it is expected to be a sell-out, it may well be worth advance planning a day trip or a weekend in the capital soon. The director of the V&A has been quoted as saying the exhibition will try to get over ‘the incredible importance of that revolutionary period to our lives today.’ Cash was king, no mobiles, and no GPS tracking at that time, a taste of the good old days and what now really did feel like ‘freedom’.

I wonder if Daisy will go?

http://www.vam.ac.uk/content/exhibitions/exhibition-you-say-you-want-a-revolution-records-and-rebels-1966-70/

impression each visitor will be given a pair of special headphones to wear, which will be tracked by GPS. So as you wander around you will be delivered the specific soundtrack for the part of the exhibition you are in.

Which allows me to side-track a little. At the weekend, I was about to buy tickets for a gig in London in the summer when I spotted a little note on the venue’s website about ID. Basically the venue will scan your ID when you arrive, not just your ticket, but your ID. This allows them to share this information with other (non-specified) venues for marketing purposes, the Police and other organisations….WTF? It’s only a gig, and one that I am not now going to. Scannet is the name of the organisation involved and the obvious question has to be, how do we know they can keep their data secure? I don’t think I have anything to hide but surely there has to be a limit on our privacy? Whilst Apple continue to fight the U.S government I also see the UK Sunday Times carried a piece on this week’s front cover that our dear government want ISPs and the 21st century tech giants to build ‘security flaws’ to allow
UFO!! ON APRIL 28th THE SMOKE
AND ON MAY 5th THE SOFT MACHINE
AND THEN ON MAY 12th GRAHAM BOND
AND FILMS AND FANTASY, AND THE
MOVE AND LIVERPOOL SCENE ARE COMING
WERE ALL DOOMED!!!
As regular readers of these pages will probably know I have a strange, disparate, and diverse collection of friends, relatives, and associates, many of whom who are extraordinarily creative in one way or another. And as my plan was always to make this magazine the sort of magazine that I would want to read, many of them turn up in these pages with monotonous regularity. Meet Mr Biffo.

From 1993 for a decade he was the editor of an anarchic video games magazine on Channel Four Teletext. It was called Digitiser and contained some of the most gloriously funny bits of off the wall dicking about that I have ever read. Biffo happens to be a friend of mine and as the re-launched Digitiser2000 is just as stupid and just as funny as ever, we shall be featuring a slice of Biffo every week from now on.

**SAD BUT TRUE: THIS GALLERY OF POO GRAFFITI WAS PUT TOGETHER BY A MAN IN HIS FORTIES**

Collins Dictionary describes poo thusly:

- **poo**
  - noun
  > (a piece of) solid waste from the body: “Ugh, it looks like poo! Have you done a poo, Ellie?”

- **poo**
  - verb
  > “Ten minutes after we'd left home, Anna announced that she needed to poo”

Here is a gallery of poo graffiti that might just break your heart.

[Image of graffiti]

http://tinyurl.com/ht2msoj
"I suppose - looking at it from where I am now, in the future - I can say, yeah, it's things like that you want. I mean, I'd be delighted to be on the main stage at a festival with thousands of people going wild about me and giving me an encore."

I HAVE it on good authority that Steven Andrews and his friends have got up a petition demanding that the Guardian prints a story about him every week. The good authority is Steven himself. I typed up the petition. Well I'm not sure I could manage a story about him every week, or even every month, but I'm certain that he deserves at least one more mention.

Steven Andrews - in case you've forgotten - is that old hippie friend of mine who had such a spectacular line in sartorial lunacy back in the '70s. He used to wear red satin trousers with yellow stars and a purple tee-shirt with black stars and a satin jacket and knee-length, metallic-blue platform boots, amongst other things. So if you imagine him dressed like that now, it should give you the flavour of the rest of the story.

Steve is quite tall and has a certain stoop. When his hair was long he used to wear it like a curtain to hide his face. He was often depressed. But even in the moments of the worst depression Steve was incapable of taking himself seriously. I used to say that he was a parody of himself. Whenever he speaks it is with a huge sense of the ridiculous, and he punctuates his conversations with snorts and guffaws, as if he's on the point of choking on his own absurdity. It's as if he's watching his life on TV, like an ITV sit-com, and providing his own canned laughter.

"I always wanted to be a rock star," he told me. "I suppose I wanted to be a protest singer, kind of Bob Dylan type. I used to think that somehow or another it would all come to me and I didn't have to do that much about it. But - well it didn't - it never did come to me.

"I used to do these crazy songs which I didn't really like doing. There was one called 'Extracting The Latex From A Rubber Ducky' which was just ridiculous. The whole concept was insane. It was inspired by a friend of mine who was schizophrenic. He used to often mutter to himself 'rubber ducky, rubber ducky, rubber ducky.' And one night we'd been smoking Durban Poison and it just came into my head. I said: 'Paul, I could write a song called Extracting The Latex From A Rubber Ducky.' And he said: 'Yeah, well - you know - go for it!'"

"So I went home, I wrote this stuff down. And I put a few chords to it and I thought, 'well, I've got my song, Extracting The Latex From A
Rubber Ducky.' And I started playing it in Chapter Arts Centre. And people loved it and it was really stupid.

"It was a two chord song. It had crazy lines in it like, 'extracting the latex from a rubber ducky, gets you in a mess, yes, very mucky, will give you all a try if you're very lucky, extracting the latex from a rubber ducky.' That's the first verse of it. It carries on like that. It's just rubbish."

And then one night he was doing a performance at the Arts Centre: Extracting The Latex From A Rubber Ducky, and a few other songs, including one or two cover versions. He was half way through A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall by Bob Dylan, when two of the strings on his guitar broke. He wasn't all that good a guitarist anyway, and now he couldn't even get a tune out of it. So he put on this voice. "Well actually this is the Bryan Ferry version," he said, and then he hammed it up like crazy to cover up for the jangling cacophony of his strangulated guitar.

"And then I got stuck with doing Bryan Ferry versions of everything. So I was doing this stupid Rubber Ducky song, and Bryan Ferry voices for covers of other things, and all this rubbish people seemed to be, like, really into."

NOW AVAILABLE FROM GONZO MULTIMEDIA

"Stone writes with intelligence, wit and sensitivity."

*Times Literary Supplement*

"Wry, acute, and sometimes hellishly entertaining essays in squalor and rebellion."

*Herald*

"The best guide to the Underground since Charon ferried dead souls across the Styx."

*Independent on Sunday*
Housing Benefit Hill:
http://www.amazon.co.uk/Housing-Benefit-Hill-Other-Places/dp/190259343X

The Trials of Arthur:
http://www.amazon.co.uk/Trials-Arthur-Revised-Ronald-Hutton/dp/0956416314/

Fierce Dancing:
http://www.amazon.co.uk/Fierce-Dancing-Underground-C-J-Stone/dp/0571176305/

The Last of the Hippies:
http://www.amazon.co.uk/Last-Hippies-C-J-Stone/dp/0571193137/
Three Days of Monsters, Ghosts, UFOs and more
19-21 August 2016, The Small School, Hartland

YOU'VE NEVER HAD IT SO WEIRD
WWW.WEIRDWEEKEND.ORG

Under 16's admitted free (must be accompanied by an adult at all times).
The Masters of the Universe do seem to have a steady stream of interesting stories featuring them, their various friends and relations, and alumni. Each week Graham Inglis keeps us up to date with the latest news from the Hawkverse.

That is: the legendary Hawkwind [plan] an appearance in Athens... for those whose Greek is a bit rusty. The Athens gig is at Gagarin 205 on Sat 21st May, and the gig is preceded by one at Thessaloniki Principal Club the night before Athens.

Hawkwind first played in Athens in southern Greece in 1991, on the tour where Steve Bemand deputised for Dave Brock after (some reports said) Brock got kicked by a horse. However, Thessaloniki had to wait another five years before the band showed up in that particular northern Greek city.

On a Greek website, the promotion page for the
A sci-fi adventure ... resurrected by Don Falcone & Mack Maloney, with Hawkwind family members Dave Anderson, Alan Davey, Paul Hayles, Jerry Richards, Nik Turner, Twink, & Bridget Wishart, plus Daveid Allen (Gong), Robert Berry (3), Keith Christmas, John Ellis (The Vibrators), Kev Ellis (Space Cadets), Matt Malley (Counting Crows), Nigel Mazlyn Jones, Pete Pavli (High Tide), Ken Pustelnik (The Groundhogs), Billy Sherwood (Yes), Judge Smith (Van der Graaf), Steffe Sharppstrings, Cyrille Verdeaux (Clearlight), Steve York, & 24 more musicians ...

upcoming gig notes the band's historic connection with Lemmy, and their being pioneers in the stoner / psychedelic scene. Interestingly, it seems there's no Greek word for 'stoner' and so the website just uses the English word, without explanation for its readers.

Before these two May dates, Hawkeaster takes place later this month, and the April UK tour shapes up as follows:

Mon 04 April - Eastbourne, Winter Gardens
Thu 14 April - Cardiff, Tramshed
Fri 15 April - Glasgow, O2 ABC Main Room
Sat 16 April - Holmfirth, Picturedrome
Sun 17 April - Wrexham, William Aston Hall
Mon 18 April - Gateshead, The Sage
Tue 19 April - Nottingham, Rock City
Wed 20 April - Leamington Spa, Assembly
Fri 22 April - Islington, Assembly Hall
Sat 23 April - Norwich, UEA
Sun 24 April - Stamford, Corn Exchange
Mon 25 April - Preston, Guildhall

The London Islington gig is billed as a fan's 'meet and greet' and signing session, and the newly-released album will be aired.
Greetings space travellers!
This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

Please fill it in and return to Mission Control, at PO Box 617, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE15 7WA, together with two passport sized photographs, signed on the back and a 16cm x 11.5cm stamped addressed envelope.

The idea is: for Hawkwind fans to have access to special Hawkwind events such as Hawkfest, obtain limited edition DVDs and CDs of exclusive material and to attend private Hawkwind parties.

Pass. No...........................................(Leave blank)

Volunteer Crew Register

Name..........................................................................................................................

Please give details of your occupation/profession for inclusion in crew register and possible duty roster (optional)
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Full Earth Address:
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Post Code .........................................................................................................................

E-Mail Address: (Please print clearly)................................................................................

Telephone Number: ...........................................................................................................

Additional info: ..................................................................................................................

www.hawkwind.com
Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com
The Song of PANNE
Being Mainly About Elephants
JONATHAN DOWNES
The first book of *Xtul* stories comes out in book form next week, and will be available via all good retailers, through Fortean Fiction. But the story is far from over, and having taken a few weeks off to restore my battered *savoir faire* I am recommencing…

Are you sitting comfortably? Good. I shall begin.

XXII

IN THE GREY HALF-LIGHT BETWEEN FACT AND FANTASY

Until that evening I had no idea whatsoever that it was Stevie Wingford whom the elderly clergyman was alleged to have assaulted. By the time it had all kicked off I was living away from home in a flat in Northam just outside Bideford, and attempting to change the world via ingesting large quantities of psychoactive plants and listening to reams of cosmic bullshit from Danny Myers. Yes him. He will come back into the story very soon, I promise you.

The story that I had got third hand from my mother was that The Rev Potts had been caught in
flagrante delicto with a young innocent boy, and had only escaped gaol time by the skin of his yellowing teeth. And it wasn’t until the momentous evening that I met Lysistrata by my accident and her design under the pus red beams of the September blood moon that I found out the truth.

In early 1977 when I was seventeen and she-who-was-to-be Lysistrata was three years younger, her parents had died in an unfortunate car accident, and their not inconsiderable worldly goods were left, divided equally to her and Stevie. But Hazel, being underage, was left in the care of her older adopted sibling, who used his new found freedoms to further torment and terrorise the hapless child. She told me the details that night as the Lady Hecate spread her arms of light across the landscape, and they brought tears to my eyes. I am not going to repeat them for you, partly because I don’t want to break a confidence (although she never told me not to repeat them) but mostly because I am only too aware that there are some people who would find the prurient details of what Stevie did to his little sister arousing, and I have no intention of contributing further to such a disgusting web of depravity.

Stevie and his coterie of thugs continued to use and abuse the girl, whilst at the same time expanding their criminal activities to include burglary. One would never have imagined that a quiet little town like Bradworthy, little more than a village really, could have had any degree of organised crime there, but what had once been the staid residence of a family of Methodist gentlefolk became the one stop shop for stolen goods across the area, as well as a shebeen and knocking shop with young Hazel as the star performer.

One thing that had been confusing me was how I could have escaped making the connection between little Hazel Wingford, the painfully shy little girl in the pink dress who used to go to tea with the elderly, and now disgraced clergyman, and the deformed but peculiarly sexy housemaid that turned up in the same household a few years later. But the next horrific twist in the story explained that anomaly only too well.

Hazel had developed the habit of furtively listening at keyholes, in order to find out her captor’s plans, so she could minimise the effect of them on her own increasingly beleaguered life.

One evening, apparently, young Hazel overheard her older brother and his unlikeable cronies planning their next burglary. And to her shock and shame their target was none other than the isolated cottage where Cymbaline and Britannia lived. Stevie had remembered all the stories that Hazel had told their quondam parents about the cornucopia of antique delights with which the
elderly couple had filled their tumbledown residence, and decided that here was a fruit ripe for the picking.

Hazel was horrified, and - summoning up all her reserves of bravery - burst into the room and - for the first (and only) time in her life - confronted her hated big brother. She leapt at him battering him with her tiny fists and screaming. But he was a burly young man in his late teens and she was a particularly slight child, and her assault was nigh on worthless.

“Please leave them alone” she sobbed as she collapsed to the floor like a pile of old rags. But as I knew to my cost after six years of being terrorised by the little bastard at every opportunity, he was a consummate bully. I only saw him in school hours between September 1971 and May 1976, and there were always people within some sort of shouting distance, so although the hurt and humiliation was horrible to live through and I still bear the scars to this day, it was finite. Stevie’s hold over his ‘sister’ however, had no limits.

My father was a complicated old sod, and had many esoteric interests, including the history of Naval signalling, Theology and - of all things - the intricacies of Devonshire dialect. My mother died in the early spring of 2002, and after that I telephoned my father every day that I was in the UK, and found myself working with him on publishing his collection of Bible stories, translated into Devonshire dialect. We worked on it for several months, going through each passage again and again on the telephone. But having already speed read it, I knew that the account of Christ’s torture and crucifixion, was going to be a particularly harrowing experience to go through with the old man. Peculiarly it was on March 12th 2003, the first anniversary of my mother’s death that we finally did the passage, and I was right. Reading and rereading it with my father, with whom I had always had a peculiar relationship, on a day when we were both feeling emotionally labile, was a very peculiar experience.

Well I am feeling a bit like that now. OK nobody gets nailed to anything, but what happened next is still pretty horrific.

Well I know that I have to write what happened next to poor Hazel in some detail because it is germane to the story, and one needs to know far more details than I am comfortable with writing in order to understand what happened next, and - indeed - the whole complicated relationship between me, Panne, Britannia, Lysistrata, and the people of the deep woods.

But just because I have to do this thing, doesn’t mean that I am going to enjoy doing it!
Rob Ayling writes:

"Thom the World poet is an old mate of mine from way back in my history. Even pre-dating Voiceprint, when I was running "Otter Songs" and Tom's poetry tapes and guest appearances with Daedid Allen, Gilli Smyth Mother Gong are well known and highly regarded. It just felt right to include a daily poem from Thom on our Gonzo blog and when I approached him to do so, he replied with in seconds!!! Thom is a great talent and just wants to spread poetry, light and positive energy across the globe. If we at Gonzo can help him do that - why not? why not indeed!!"

EARTH HOUR IS TWO MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT

We took a Leap Forward/yet still Monarchs diminished
Royalties washed away like Independent Republics
Tainted waters of lead Flint/metallc aftertaste medicated waste
Glass half empty for the poor/half full for one percent?
Louisiana flash floods/Syria decade long revolutionary drought
DRINK ME!Chlorine,fluoride,suspended solids
Water filters will not remove that bitter taste of privitised waters
Nestle bottling icecaps/Coca-Killa adding corn syrup
Is it that we hate waters as ourselves?Spiritual Equality?
Or have our children never seen wild,flashing waters-
no dams,no dullness,no prose masquerading as poetry?
Until Orica is freed of nuclear sonar submarines
Whales and dolphins will wash up on our Fukushima beaches.
admit to having been fond of the first *Spandau Ballet* album - something that I find completely incomprehensible now). But it was one of my discoveries during the spring and summer of that year that was to change my life forever. And that was a bunch of almost puritanical anarchists from Epping. They were called *Crass*. And I soon realised that although some of their music was truly excellent, a lot of it was a fucking awful row and nigh on unlistenable. However, their politics were something else entirely, and their particular brand of anarchism and green pacifism has stayed with me ever since. And it appears that it has stayed with a lot of other people, because in the past few years a small library of books about the band, and about the wider anarchopunk movement (I am not sure whether that should have a Big A or a little a - geddit?) have hit the shelves, and I have bought as many of them as I have been able to find. Several of them have been collections of, what I suppose would be called testimonials if they had been in a religious context, by various people who - like me - found that their lives had been changed forever. And of all of this sub genre of books, this is by far the least pretentious, and I think the most enjoyable. It is a collection of vignettes from various lives of people who lived through the anarchopunk years, and hand outs given out by various bands including *Crass*, and whilst the hand outs are nice to have (I still have some of the originals somewhere) the reminiscences are priceless if only because they are a constant reminder that Thatcher won, and her children are still winning.

Because the early 1980s were a time when huge swathes of young people, particularly working class young people, were both politicised and creative. They ran venues, published fanzines, organised record labels, artists cooperatives and publishing events. They formed bands, wrote songs and made films. And Thatcher and her cabal of corrupt scumbags hated this, and as they had done with the miners, set out to systematically destroy the alternative society.
The alternative society had really started coming into its own over a decade earlier, but Swinging London only truly swung if you had the right accent and the right hip credentials. By the beginning of the 1970s however, the alternative revolution had spread across the social strata and to all parts of the country, and when Thatcher marched her jackbooted way into the corridors of power there was a bona fide movement with whom she had to contend. Three and a half decades later very little of it is left. And what is worst of all is the effect on the current generation of young people.

Whilst there are, of course, political and social activists, the vast majority of people of all ages that I come across are completely engrossed in a Gadarene rush to make more and more money and acquire more and more property. I see no fanzines, experimental bands or artists cooperatives run by anyone under fifty, and the new media of Facebook, Tumblr and Twitter seems to be used to send people amusing pictures of one’s cat rather than doing anything truly creative. Maybe I am just too old to truly get social media, but most of what I see is facile and frivolous, and it seems to be getting worse with every successive year. And I find this to be a desperately upsetting state of affairs.

Now I know that the middle aged and the elderly are not supposed to understand the memes of the young. And I know that the middle aged and the elderly are supposed to think that the brave new world in which they find themselves has gone to hell in a handbasket. This is right and proper, and the way that things have always been. So I may just be spouting aged bullshit from my grandfatherly ivory tower. But in a world of Justin Bieber and Taylor Swift, is there no room for a 21st century analogue of Steve Ignorant? Is there nobody who wants to make an ugly howl of protest against a world which is cruel and unfair?

But perhaps it is me who is being unfair. Pop music does not matter as much to the current generation of young people. They sing along to it, dance to it and conduct their social rituals to it, but it doesn’t matter to them in the way that it did to previous generations. Perhaps the best analogy to the anarchopunk movement of the early 1980s are the hacktivists of Anonymous, and those who don the Guy Fawkes masks and take their protest to the streets. Maybe the circle is still unbroken after all.

This book, bizarrely enough, is actually a time capsule; it harks back to a time when truly we didn’t know that we had never had it so good, and that it was all about to be taken away from us. Go out and buy this book, it is a truly inspirational document, and furthermore one which will, I suspect, give me many hours of enjoyment for years to come.
In Victorian times every well-bred Gentleman had a ‘Cabinet of Curiosities’; a collection of peculiar odds and sods, usually housed in a finely made cabinet with a glass door. These could include anything from Natural History specimens to historical artefacts.

There has always been something of the Victorian amateur naturalist about me, and I have a houseful of arcane objects; some completely worthless, others decidedly not, but all precious to me for the memories they hold.

But people send me lots of pictures of interesting, and, may I say, peculiar things. But once again this week it is over to my lovely wife...

Greetings, one and all...or probably just the one if I am honest, and that will probably be Mr Ed. Hey ho, off we go...

I may be in for some stick here, but I am going to drum up some enthusiasm for this week’s carefully selected contenders for entry into the cabinet with the following:

the Beatles 1967 Japanese toy drum kit set...VERY RARE - US $3,800.00

“You are bidding on ONE OF THE RAREST BEATLES TOYS...this toy was made for the Japanese market only in 1967...the box itself measures 12” x 12” on the cover...and measures 11” tall...the cymbal measures 8 3/4” across and does NOT have any rust...there are 3 drums...the main bass drum measures 9 3/4” across and has the Beatles logo on it...the smallest drum attaches to the top of the bass drum...it measures 5” across...there is also another drum 8” which sits atop the 3 legged stand...there is no damage to the drums...
Any budding Ringos out there? You know I am pretty sure that is the brand name for a certain kind of crisp. How unfortunate.

So are you into Mechanical Dance Music?

“Musical composers are a particular bunch. They have been known to commission or even make instruments to get the perfect sound for their compositions. In that regard, the Wintergatan Marble Machine takes the cake. Martin Molin— a Swedish composer, rock band member, and music box enthusiast— built the Wintergatan Marble Machine to play just one song. Which he composed, of course. It has 3,000 internal parts and contains drums, a bass, and a vibraphone. All of which are played by 2000 marbles, powered by a hand crank and two giant wooden wheels! The mechanical Rube-Goldberg-like contraption took Molin two years to build. As he turns the crank, it rotates two wheels “programmed” with Lego “nails” stuck into holes. Each hole represents a 64th note for each possible tone. The first wheel plays the vibraphone; the second wheel plays the crash, snare, kick drum, and an electric bass. The Legos act like the pins on the cylinder of a music box or the holes in a player piano roll. When a nail reaches the top of a revolution, it drops a marble through a series of gates, which are mapped to each sound. Once a marble has done its job, it is siphoned up to the top of the machine. Check out the video below to see the Wintergatan Marble Machine in action. Not only is it truly amazing to watch, but what a great song! Don’t miss the dancing wooden stars. Instead of EDM, they should call this MDM.”

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IvUU8joBb1Q

You really have to watch this. As my brother put it, “This is so damned cool”.

Wilson Pickett Stage Worn Outfit “In the Midnight Hour” R&B Soul "Mustang Sally" - US $1,499,99

“WILSON PICKETT STAGE WORN OUTFIT "IN THE MIDNIGHT HOUR" R&B SOUL "MUSTANG SALLY"
This is a stage worn outfit from soul and R&B legend Wilson Pickett. Best known for hits, "In the Midnight Hour," "Land of 1,000 Dances," and "Mustang Sally," Pickett recorded 30 albums and had over 50 songs reach the R&B charts. He was inducted into The Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 1991. This outfit, a matching white macramé suit, is in excellent condition.
This item comes with a letter of authenticity from the Pickett estate.

I wonder if you can opt for the ‘pickett’ it up option rather than receive it through the post.


Never in a million years would I have imagined that you could get a plastic duck in the form of Ozzy Osbourne. I might actually say that I have seen it all now. And probably wish I hadn’t.

VINTAGE 1970S MEGO CORP CHER MAKEUP CENTER W/ ACCESSORIES AND ORIGINAL BOX – US $51.09

“TOY MEASURES 10 BY 12 INCHES - COMES WITH CURLERS, BRUSH, AND MAKE UP

PALLET - ORIGINAL BOX INCLUDED - NICE EARLY VINTAGE MEGO TOY”

I don’t like the look of that young missy’s expression - she looks a bit crazy to me. I wouldn’t want her coming near me with a pair of eyelash curlers that’s for sure, let alone tweezers to tend my wayward eyebrows. Sheesh she looks sinister.

RARE Talking Machine Record Player Black Americana Dancing-National Toy Co. 1915 – US $425.00

“This is a 1915 National Toy Co. dancing black Americana talking machine or record player / victrola toy.

This is a rare piece and still works good when the tin part with the gear box is even with the wood dancing pad.

This toy is nailed in this position originally so this is when nails were acceptable parts for toys and not by today’s standards by far so this is for a collector only.

This is a very unusual and neat toy that the dancing figure gets run off of the center of a record player or talking machine turning a wooden piece on the toy to gears inside the tin casing underneath the toy driving a gear that pushes up and down and around wherever on the dancing figure to jiggle around and look like he is getting down to the music being played by the record player or talking machine.
Stray into the woods and forests and you will enter into another world; a world of creatures that live by their own rules, protect their own kind with fierceness, and view all strangers who venture under the protective boughs with deep suspicion. Tread the forest floor with care, for this is also the home of the hairy man – the wildman of the woods. Is he a man? Is he a beast? Is he something in between? Whatever he is, he is spoken about by humans in hushed voices. They are scared of him and they tell tales of him to their children to scare them from entering the hushed darkness of the tree kingdoms. They call him many names; the woodwose, the wudawasa, the wodwos amongst them. The bane of a high-born daughter takes her unintentionally through such a forest on her last journey as a single woman to wed the man of her father's choice. Imposters from another land tramp through such a forest on a mission of their own, killing everything that comes across their path. The lives of some of the creatures that dwell in this place become unavoidably entwined with both these trespassers. The lives of some will change. Some will cease completely.
This is adjustable to fit different size record players or talking machines from that time period. The joints on the figure is fine and good shape and also the paper arms of the figure. The paint is fragile, actually the whole thing is very fragile. The figure on the wire center drive does separate from the rest.

Extremely rare complete piece.”

And to end, how about this for a weird instrument? I am not sure whether to be disgusted or bemused.

Video Wonder: A Musical Instrument Made From a Badger

"Watch a man play a "badgermin"—a theremin made from the body of, well, you know. If you never in your lifetime imagined that you'd see a man in a bowtie and tailcoat playing Rachmaninov on a badger, well, now you have. You're welcome. This talented musician is playing a "badgermin"—that is, a badger transformed into a theremin. The theremin, invented by a Russian physicist in 1920, is an electronic instrument that enables the creation of sound without physical contact.

The instrument is also known as the ætherphone, thereminophone, ortermenvox, and thereminvox. Two antennae (here, coming out of the neck and the tail) allow the musician to control the frequency and amplitude of sound through hand movements, with the electrical signals then amplified from a loudspeaker.

Dead mammals have never been so mesmerizing.”

And after that, being able to say goodbye has never been so welcome.

Ta-ra
“Ev’rywhere I hear the sound of marching charging feet, boy”

http://www.zazzle.co.uk/streetfightingshirts

AULD MAN’S BACCIE

RESONATING WITH THE BLUES
There are nine Henrys, purported to be the world’s first cloned cartoon character. They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. They mooch around in their minimalist universe suffering from an existential crisis with some genetically modified humour thrown in. I think Peter McAdam is one of the funniest people around, and I cannot recommend his book The Nine Henrys highly enough. Check it out at Amazon. Each issue we shall be running a series of Henrybits that are not found in his book about the nine cloned cartoon characters who inhabit a surreal world nearly as insane as mine...
This book, which was released by Gonzo last year is an erudite catalogue of some of the most peculiar records ever made. The authors have lined up, described and put into context 500 "albums" in the expectation that those of you who can't help yourselves when it comes to finding and collecting music will benefit from these efforts in two ways.

- Firstly, you'll know you are not alone.
- Secondly, we hope that some of the work leads you to new discoveries, and makes your life slightly better as a result.

Each issue we are featuring one of these remarkable and peculiar records in a crass attempt to flog you the book.

Richard Brautigan: 
Listening to Richard Brautigan (Harvest, 1970)

Originally mooted as the third release on The Beatles Zapple label Brautigan’s album was conceived with help from bookshop proprietor and close McCartney friend, Barry Miles. Recorded in 1969; Listening to Richard Brautigan offers up readings including a short story, poetry and significant chapters from novels by Brautigan (1935-1984). In 1969 Brautigan was at his height as a resident poet amongst the San Francisco counter-culture and enjoyed a few rock-star traits, notably the trend for him to be photographed with young attractive female company on book covers. His soft mid-western accent and clear diction make Listening to... a very engaging experience. Brautigan’s work, owes much to an earlier generation of beat writers, but also draws from the simple stylings of Ernest Hemingway and Brautigan’s own rural roots to provide a concoction of gently surreal and whimsical observations. Brautigan’s fondness for short narratives, (his early novels include surreal cascades of self-contained chapters, leaving the reader to piece together the narrative thread), and his use of apparently simple metaphors and similes lends itself well to providing a fast-moving and varied collection. The vivid scenery conjured in the sparse prose allows some of his work to leave the same impressions as song lyrics, revealing, repetitive and still allowing the audience to add something through their own imagination.

For all that, this is a spoken word album and the music of Brautigan’s voice is only sporadically supported with sound effects. Two tracks comprise little more than actuality recordings made in situ as we share the author’s “Life in San Francisco.” It’s not exactly hello trees/hello sky levels of tripped out bliss but there are only so many times you can listen to someone discussing getting in steaks as he makes coffee, or brushing his teeth. Obviously, those making the album were having a good time, these days those touching the shuffle button can avoid these moments. When it works best Listening to... takes into account the pros and cons of making an album. The poetic imagery of the two key book chapters – one on catching trout from Trout Fishing in America the other a gloriously alternative flight of fancy from A Confederate General From Big Sur involving counting the punctuation marks in the book of Ecclesiastes – are expertly chosen and “Love Poem,” a one-line meditation read 18 consecutive times by 18 different readers (including Brautigan’s young daughter, Ianthe) is a throwaway gem of a track. Brautigan’s critical and commercial star faded rapidly as the seventies drew on and his stock outside of the US has remained low ever since. The author committed suicide in 1984, an end that isn’t remotely hinted at in the gentle beauty on offer here.
Gregg Kofi Brown has transcended many genres of music...

Rock ‘n’ Roll and UFOs is an anthology of music from Gregg Kofi Brown’s career and contains previous unreleased songs, remixes and demos, with many guest musicians and artists such as Sting guitarist Dominic Miller, Bomb da Bass, Osibisa, the cast of the Who’s Tommy, The Chimes’ Pauline Henry, the Who’s former keyboard guru John Rabbit Bundrick and Seal guitarist Gus Isidore.

The CD is a companion to Gregg Kofi Brown’s autobiography of the same name which covers his early career in Los Angeles and London. From his first pro tour with Joe Cocker and Eric Burdon to close encounters of a third kind in a California desert and his adventures touring the world with African rock pioneers Osibisa. His journey includes starring in hit west end productions in London, recording and touring with infamous rock bands like Hanoi Rocks and The Members.

His first tour in Gambia and Senegal West Africa supporting African superstar Youssou N’Dour is well documented, as is his work in the African and West Indian music scene in the UK.

The last few years has seen Kofi perform with Damon Albarn’s African Express and collaborate live with Amadou & Mariam featuring Beth Orton.

CD and book available soon from Gonzo Multimedia
Divine Drink is the project of Baptiste Labenne and Adrian Gilles from Riscle in the highlands of the Gers. Their music style is an ally between Gascon identity heavy metal; a fusion of tradition and modernity, sung either in French or in the language of the region.

Band members:
Baptiste Labenne: Guitars, Bass, Vocals, Traditional instruments
Adrian Gilles: drums and vocals

You Tube
Qué de Melhor
Que me’n tornarèi
I am sorry that I have been a bit enigmatic over the past few days but I have had a lot on my mind. Until this week it looked as if for the first time in seventeen years there would be no Weird Weekend in Devon this year. There have been problems with the venue, and I have lost nearly all of my helpers. Ten years ago there was a team of twenty people, whereas now it is basically down to three or four. And finally my own health is declining at an alarming rate, so I had to make the very difficult decision as to whether we continue or not. However, we all think that it would be a great shame if the event which so many people enjoy fell victim to the apathy, prejudice and selfishness of a handful of people. So we are continuing for this year at least.

However, we are very short-handed and would like to take this opportunity to appeal for volunteers to help in return for free entry. The Weird Weekend is not about money, and never has been, but it is nice if we can run it without being out of pocket. This year will see two events, with Glen Vaudrey’s Weird Weekend North just after Easter and there are even plans for a Weird Weekend in Scandinavia next year.

I have always been disappointed that wherever we have held the event; Exeter, Woolsery and now Hartland, very few local people have come along, and this is something that I have always wanted to rectify. If anyone reading this has any sensible suggestions for how we can broaden our audience without selling out and changing the nature of the event I would be very grateful to receive them. And, by the way, I would like to take this opportunity to thank Andy Phillipson for being a complete brick though all of this. Thank you my dear fellow.

The website will be updated next week and tickets will be on sale. So far we have the following speakers confirmed, with many more in the pipeline...

Lars Thomas: The Vikings and their Monsters
Joe Thomas: Cryptozoology on film
Matt Cook: High Strangeness and hill forts
Mick Walters: Werewolves in Staffordshire
Julian Vayne: Chaos Magic
Richard Freeman: Tasmania 2016 Expedition

We would also like to thank Erik Norlander who, on behalf of Think Tank Media, is once again sponsoring the event.

So, watch this space - the next few months are gonna be exciting ones.
BEEFHEART AT HIS BEST
Live on stage

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Somewhere Over Detroit
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FROM HARPÓS CONCERT THEATRE, DETROIT
11 Dec 1980
ON STAGE 20:30

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Magic Band
ERIC DREW FELDMAN • ROBERT WILLIAMS • RICHARD SNYDER • JEFF TAPIR/WHITE • JEFF MORIS TEPPER

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